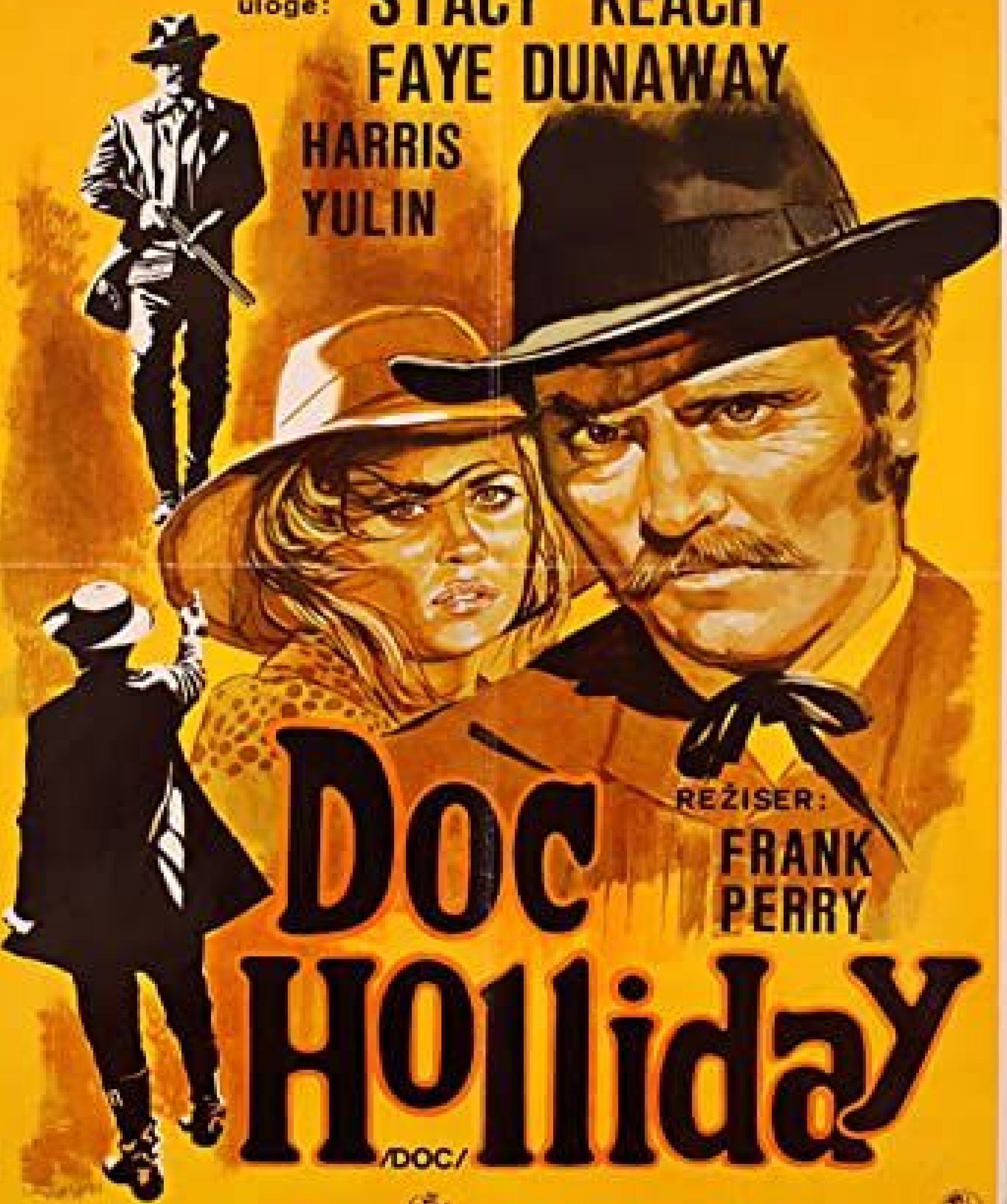

AMERIČKI FILM U KOLORU

Glavne uloge: **STACY KEACH**
FAYE DUNAWAY
HARRIS YULIN

DOC HOLLIDAY

/DOC/

REŽISER: **FRANK PERRY**

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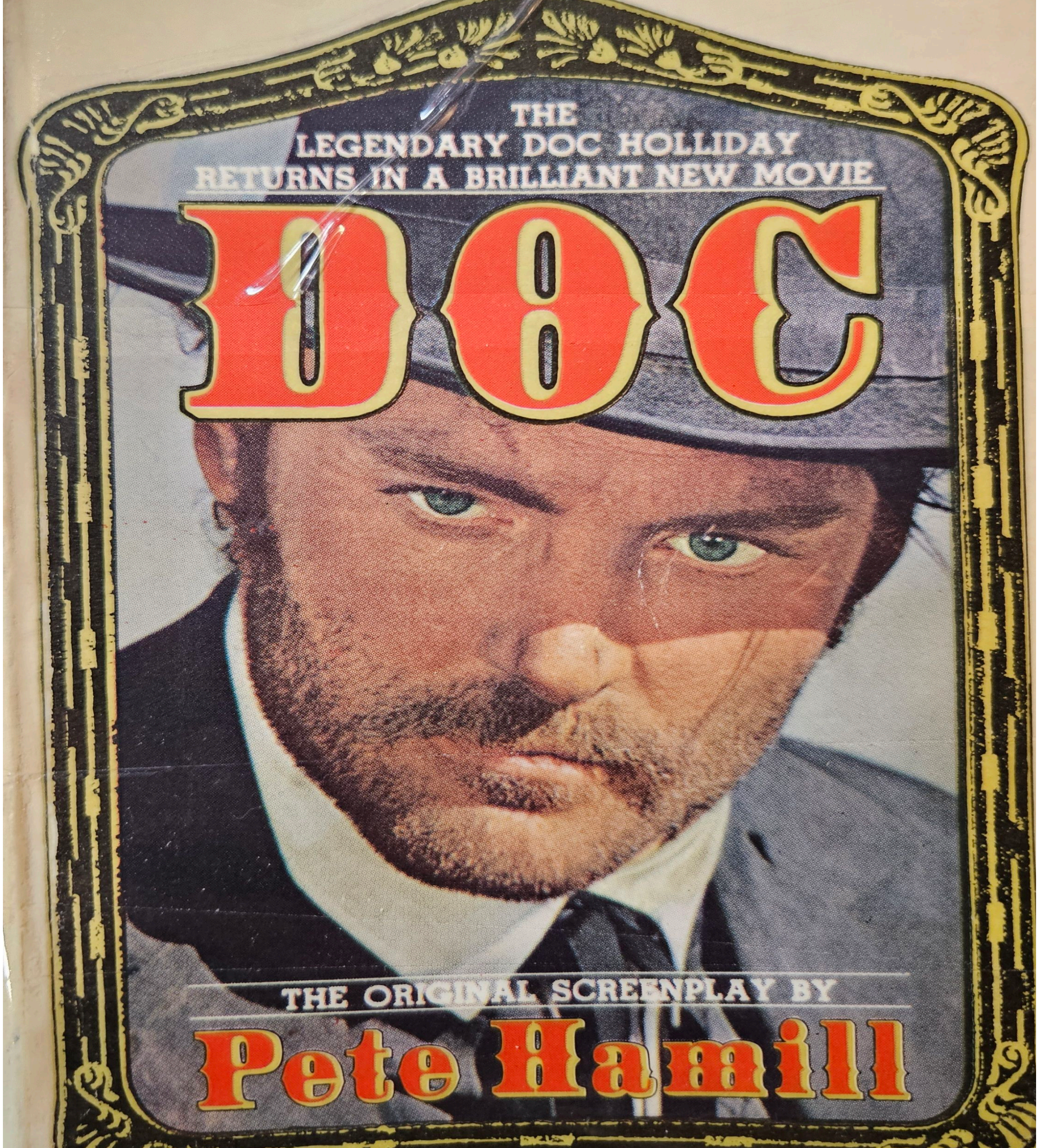
THE LEGENDARY DOC HOLLIDAY RETURNS IN A BRILLIANT NEW MOVIE

DOC

THE ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY

Pete Hamill



With an introduction by the author and photographs from the United Artists release DOC, starring Stacy Keach and Faye Dunaway, produced and directed by Frank Perry

"I seen your kind before," said Kate Elder to Doc Holliday. "I knew you for a gunfighter the minute you walked into that pigsty back there. The way you walk with your right hand hangin' loose. The way you look around a room like a rattler was lyin' in the pickle barrel. That little gun you got in your vest. I been on the line four years. You get to learn *somethin'*."

"I haven't killed a man in a long time," said Doc.

"And I ain't screwed a man since I was twelve!"

DOC

DOC

THE ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY

Pete Hamill

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MAKING *DOC*

by Pete Hamill

I.

The West was a dream when I was a kid, a dream spun out in large dark halls, filled with kids who squirmed when human beings spoke to each other, and were shocked into rigid silence when they started to kill. *Doc* had its origin somewhere in that darkness, in places called the Globe, the Prospect, the Sanders and the Avon. We lived in a world of hard right angles, of old law tenements blocking out the sky, of fire escapes running up the faces of these man-crafted canyons like ladders leading nowhere. In the darkness we learned that Brooklyn wasn't the world. There was another place called West.

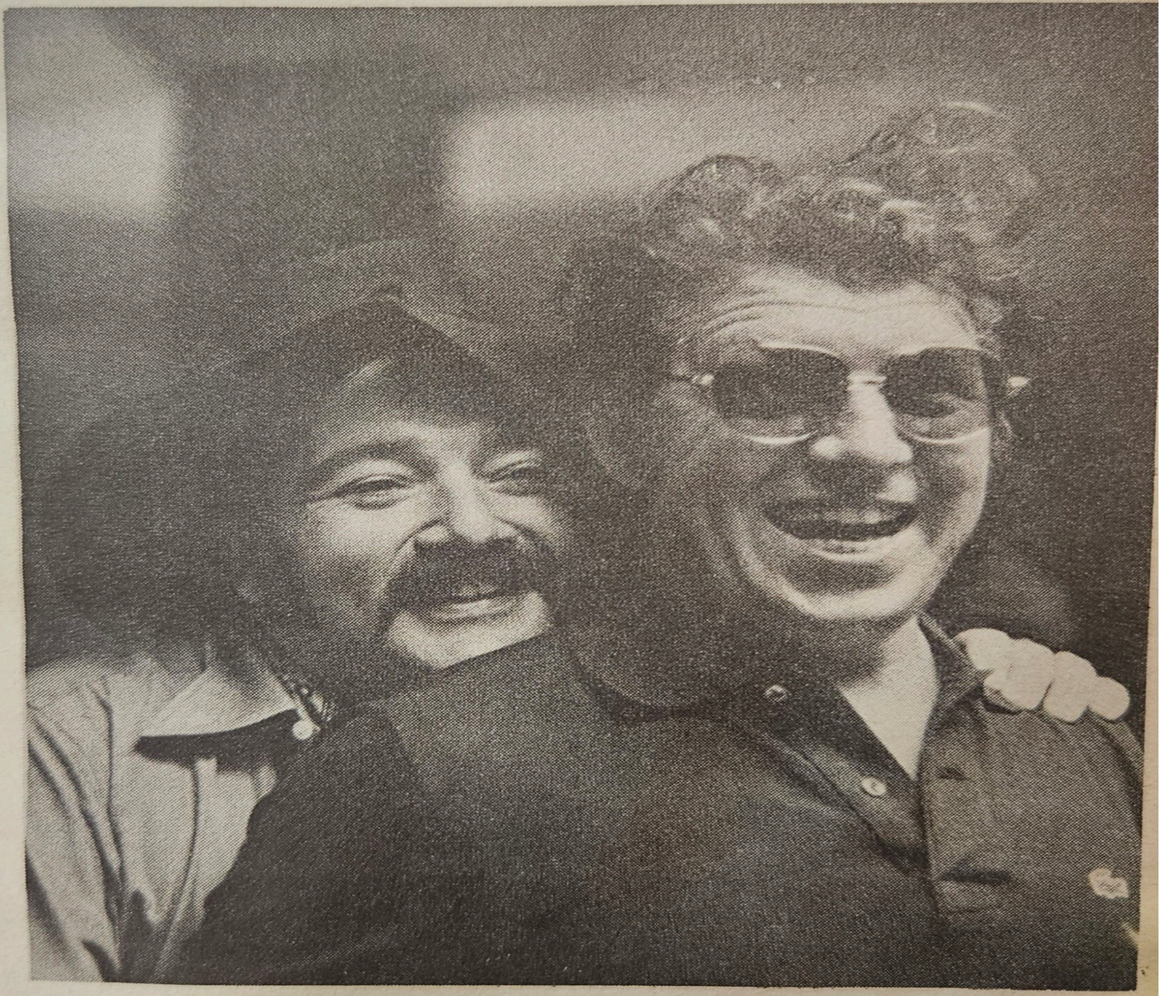
The West, before anything else, was a dream of space. Men on horses roamed open country, moved through empty vistas dotted with mesa and cactus; the country was hard and masculine, promising nothing, forcing the men who roamed that space into solitude and self-examination. If you came from crowded streets, or big families, or places where concrete covered all, that open land could seem more desirable than any lush tropical resort. If a man could learn to live with himself, a horse and a gun, he could be free. And the Westerns we saw were about men who were free: They would move into a town for a while, become soured by the violence and deceit of others, and then, with horse and gun, move on. They were free of family, free of politics, free of women, free of property; their lives had the shape of picaresque tales, and of course, the men themselves were knights and paladins.

I suppose we all needed some myth of chivalry in those days. The Depression remained with millions of Americans; where I grew up, it did not really end until the early 1950's. Men, especially in the cities, had learned that other men did not always move on their best instincts, that they could be mean-spirited, cruel, evil. The Western showed us, in some basic way, that there could still be

men who operated with a code of basic honor; or more properly, that there once were men who did so, and that our current problems were a debasement of some original conception of the American archetype. All of them were individuals, who lived on their personal courage and ability to endure, who needed no government to instruct them in right and wrong. Occasionally they took the law into their own hands, or they were driven into outlawry by a cruel and oppressive (or ignorant) government. Billy the Kid, Jesse James, the Cisco Kid, the Three Musketeers, were all technically outlaws, yet all of them were basically *good* men, Robin Hoods and rogues, and Sherwood Forest was located somewhere near Monument Valley.

Those images have burned their way into the American consciousness in ways, I submit, that none of us will ever fully comprehend. The late Robert Warshow has reminded us that the great gangster pictures of the 1930's were really urban Westerns, with men driven by poverty and a stupid government into dependence on the gun, and into trades like bootlegging and extortion; but Cagney and Bogart and Edward G. Robinson remained in the Robin Hood mold of the great Westerns; they seldom, if ever, picked on defenseless people, and of course, they all loved their mothers. Instead of horses they had speeding limousines, and the Winchesters had become machine guns; but still, they were men who had made their own lives; in the best sense of the word they were existential heroes. The lone man on the horse and the urban man with the machine gun were both men who had made choices. Having made the choice, they were often not happy with the consequences: Gregory Peck in *The Gunfighter* knows that choosing the gun will lead finally to death by the gun. But they accepted the consequences, sometimes with irony, sometimes in a spirit of despair; but they knew they had chosen, and there was no going back.

The Western had become the primary American myth by the time I was growing up in the movie house dark. We were a country without much history, a young country that had started on an outrageous presumption; instead of evolving on the basis of a language, a religion or some



Brian Hamill from Roslyn Komack

Pete Hamill with Frank Perry.

common geography, we were a nation that founded itself on a document called the Constitution. That collection of ideas was only the beginning; we were to develop from it, and one of the crucial factors in our development, as historians like Frederick Jackson Turner were to explore, was the idea of the frontier. As long as the frontier existed, as long as men could shelve their disappointments and their angers and move on to places of wildness, they were free. It contributed to the essentially romantic nature of the American character, the belief in possibilities, the good life and the new beginnings. When barbed wire started to seal off the free places, and when we finally settled into the West Coast after the triumph of the transcontinental railroad, the frontier was over. The myth of the West was just beginning.

The dime novels started it, of course, with bloody tales of the white man's heroism and the red man's perfidy. Men like Ned Buntline went West as reporters, took down notes, and created tales. Better writers came afterward—Zane Grey, Max Brand, Owen Wister and a handful of others—but their elaborations of the Western myth did not significantly differ from that of the dime novel except in a certain romantic elegance of style. Those novels were a perfect example of Picasso's remark that somebody does it first and then somebody does it pretty. The myth, however, remained a sub-genre of an evolving American literature until it was first put on film. It was a marriage of form that has lasted to this day.

II.

From the time I was eleven, I wanted to be a comic book artist. It was, I suppose, some early yearning to fuse words with pictures, an attempt to emulate the experience of watching movies every Saturday and Sunday of my life. I filled composition books with stories of airplane pilots, an evil character named the Red Bat, soldiers fighting on Wake Island and Luzon, gangsters with the baddest machine guns in Brooklyn. I must have filled a hundred books that way, all carefully labeled with volume numbers

and issue number, ending with those ominous words "to be continued" and the following issue starting with "The Story So Far:". But I can't remember ever writing a Western. I suppose it was because there was no way to capture the great qualities of Westerns: light, space, weather, distance, movement. It was probably just that I could not draw horses.

I didn't become a comic book artist; I became a writer, a columnist for the *New York Post*. I covered everything: murders, fires, political conventions, the racial troubles in the South, the riots and disorders of the mid-60's in our cities, heavyweight championship fights, and a score of small disasters and defeats, and one very large disaster, the war in Vietnam. I was a New Yorker, who loved my city and the people who lived in it, and I suppose I would have been a very different writer, a kind of minor-league Damon Runyon, if it hadn't been for Vietnam.

All through those years I kept going to Westerns. I loved John Ford more than anyone else, for his stubborn belief in what he did, for the sheer pictorial beauty of his films, for the splendid economy of his craft. But there were films directed by others, men like Howard Hawks, Fred Zinneman, George Stevens and others which had as much impact; in some ways, the effect of Westerns was accumulative on one level and purgative on another. I loved the way different directors would work inside the genre, but I also admired the accumulative power of the genre itself. There was another period, after the murder of President Kennedy, when many straight films had gone dark and glibly somber, and I would find myself running out of the latest Antonioni film in search of John Wayne and the open sky. It was as if the darkness could be purged by bathing for a while in the desert.

But I didn't really begin to think about writing a Western until I came in contact for the first time with Lyndon Johnson. We were going deeper into the swamps of Asia, and every week's bulletins brought back news of more death and destruction. I went to Vietnam in 1966, and it was evident to almost everyone except the military that the war was wrong, but that we were con-

tinuing to fight because of some peculiar notions of national macho pride, self-righteousness and the missionary spirit. That same year I went on Johnson's wild, seventeen-day tour of the Far East, whose centerpiece was the Manila Conference, and I started to realize that within Johnson, somewhere deep inside that darkly brilliant, Machiavellian, boorish and devious man there was a Western unspooling.

In that Western, the world was broken down into White Hats and Black Hats. Indochina was Dodge City and the Americans were some collective version of Wyatt Earp. We had moved from the horse to helicopters (the basic helicopter division was called the First Air Cavalry) and from the Gatling gun to the Strategic Air Command. Johnson's commanders in the field spoke over and over again about how the war against the Viet Cong most resembled the Indian Wars in the American West. And for those who remembered the ideas of the frontier, it seemed only natural that Americans reached the Far East by moving West.

When I came home from that trip to Manila, I started reading histories of the West, for the first time, and began making notes for what I thought would be a novel. I felt there was something dark and bloody in that history, something that been obscured by the glittering myth that had been passed down to us through movies. Fiction was the way to deal with it, rather than journalism, because there was an intricacy of development and erosion in the story of the West that I did not think could be dealt with by the mere accumulation of facts. Vietnam had already taught me that the "facts" often had nothing to do with the truth, that a casualty statistic might be called a "fact" but had nothing to do with the truth of a man's death. In this novel I wanted to deal with an archetype, with someone who had once been real but who had acquired some other face through the process of manufacturing the myth. Over and over again, I kept seeing the strange, brooding photograph of the man named Doc Holliday.

III.

In the fall of 1968 I went to a party at the home of Frederic Morton, the novelist. Among the guests was Frank Perry. I had admired his work as a director on *David and Lisa* and in the three television shorts based on the stories by Truman Capote that later became a film called *Trilogy*. We talked around a bit, as people do at New York parties, and then Frank asked me what I was working on at the moment. I had published a novel a few months earlier, called *A Killing for Christ,* and told Frank something about it. The book was my first attempt to break out of the short, restricted form required by journalism; it was a thriller that owed much to the "entertainments" of Graham Greene, and while I knew it was no great novel, I thought it had been an enriching experience and I wanted to do another. I said all this to Frank, and then told him that I was making notes for what might become a novel about the West. The central character, I told him, was the enigma known as Doc Holliday.

I was fascinated by one crucial fact in Doc's life: He had tuberculosis and knew it, and so, unlike most Americans, he learned very early that he was not going to live forever. There had been death in every Western I had ever seen, of course, but with a few exceptions, death was something that had happened to other people. The man with the gun was a good man, in many of these pictures, simply because he was better than anyone else in dealing death. But he never seemed to sense his own impending death (again, with noble exceptions like *The Gunfighter*). Of all the mythic figures in the West, only Doc Holliday seemed to know that he would die sooner than other men, and I wondered whether it was that dark knowledge that made him a killer.

I was saying all this to Frank, with something about how a man who understands the tragic absurdity of death can choose, in the best sense of that abused word "existential,"

to live. We talked a little about Wyatt Earp, and how I felt that Lyndon Johnson was some distorted version of Earp, and how Earp and Doc were such unlikely friends, but still sides of the same coin. At some point in the night, as we talked and drank Frederic Morton's good whiskey, Frank asked me if I had thought of telling the story as a movie. I hadn't, but as I went home that night alone, I realized why it had taken me so long to get to the writing, why the notes were still only notes. And I realized that the scenes, textures, voices, characters, weather and landscape that existed in my head at that point were fragments of film. They were not truly the stuff of a novel.

About a week later Frank and I met for a drink. He had read my novel, and he must have seen something in it, because he asked me to write *Doc* as a film. He would pay me, and produce and direct it if the screenplay worked; to this day that offer remains to me a measure of Frank's high sense of risk. I had never written so much as a TV show at that point; the screenplay form itself was a mystery to me; I was completely untested, and my novel was one of the best-kept secrets in New York. But Frank took a chance, the way he had taken chances before with such unknown actors as Keir Dullea, Cathy Burns, Barbara Hershey, Frank Langella and Carrie Snodgress. That night, Frank and I decided to go ahead and try.

All that winter, I hid out in a small house in Putnam County about 100 miles from the city. I read a lot, but mostly I looked out the window, imagining the film. Frank and I stayed in contact by letter, but he must have sensed that the way I worked the best was alone. There were none of the story conferences and five-martini lunches that figure so prominently in the literature of Hollywood. Frank was busy with his film *Diary of a Mad Housewife,* and he put no pressure on me at all. So I sat and worked.

I didn't know much about the techniques of screenwriting, and the handful of books on the subject proved largely worthless. I read James Goldman's script for *The Lion In Winter* and Graham Greene's script for *The Third Man*. But in the end I learned what every writer

learns: that you come to terms with a form by practicing it, not studying it. You don't learn to write novels by reading about them; in the end, you learn in the act of writing. So I began to write. By spring I had a very dense, tight outline of about twenty single-spaced pages, and I sent it to Frank.

Frank and his wife Eleanor had taken a house in Amagansett on Eastern Long Island that year, a great house in which Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe had once lived, set on a knoll, overlooking green fields, with the sea's presence always there in the distance. I went out there for a long weekend, and Frank and I walked for hours, our heads somewhere in the West, dealing with the specifics of the outline, and the characters in the film, and always about Doc.

There was an eerie feeling to it after a while, as if Doc had been some personal friend of ours, someone whose life we wanted to deal with in a serious (not solemn) way, someone whose memory lived in us and had to be frozen into time. Doc Holliday had appeared in films before, of course (Victor Mature played him in John Ford's *My Darling Clementine;* Kirk Douglas played him in John Sturges' *Gunfight at the OK Corral;* and there have been others). But the more I read, the more Frank and I thought about it, the more it became clear that Doc had always been dealt with as some dark appendage to the glittering saga of Wyatt Earp. It was as if the murderous implications in the character of the man had forced him off the stage, which was filled by the more conventional figure of Wyatt. We knew from the sketchy history that Wyatt was nothing at all like the legend he later made up. He was a politician, a bully, a man who had hustled towns and moved on with the railhead; there is much evidence that he wasn't even a marshal in Dodge City. We wanted that to be told, because the more we looked at the evidence, the clearer it became that the whole myth of the West, the whole legend of its heroes, all of that was a lie. And that was something important to deal with and attempt to correct: If the country had gotten into trouble because it had tried to digest one lie too many,

then perhaps we could make a film that would try to tell some truth.

I went to Puerto Rico to finish the script in late summer. The film started mysteriously coming out of the typewriter, slowly at first, then at a pace that became more and more accelerated as the characters of Doc, Wyatt and the magnificent Katy Elder moved through their elaborate rituals in the last stop in the West: the boom town of Tombstone. It was as if the film I had in my head was unspooling before me, as if I were a spectator instead of the writer. I've never been happier at my work, never more excited, never more bursting with a sense of life and accomplishment. Nine days after I started, on the night the astronauts landed on the moon, I finished the script. I remember looking out at the dark sky of the Caribbean, drinking my first whiskey in weeks, feeling empty, and somehow urgently needing the company of a woman. The next day I flew back to New York with the script.

The script in this book is substantially the one I finished that night in Puerto Rico. There were some minor alterations made, some re-ordering of sequences, some polishing. But this is that script. It is not, however, the film that you will be seeing in theaters. Very early on, Frank Perry said something to me that might be the soundest thing I've yet learned about films. He said, "You don't shoot scripts, you shoot movies." The film that Frank and I fashioned during our long walks in Amagansett went through some sea changes on the way to the screen. There were so many important contributions, all of which added resonance and style and, yes, life to the film. We were fortunate to have Stacy Keach play Doc, since Stacy is probably the best young American actor since Brando (and the choice is another example of Frank's courage to go with the talent instead of the name or the resumé). Faye Dunaway brought something very special to the role of Katy Elder, and Harris Yulin seemed to go straight to the dark heart of Wyatt Earp. And there were the professionals: Gerry Hershfeld, the brillant, hard-working cinematographer; Gene Callahan, the production designer and one of the few authentic geniuses I know, who made

Tombstone rise from the deserts of Southern Spain; and a lot of other men, American and Spanish, who brought their own high level of craft to the film. They were not men who were just in it for the payday; they cared about what they did, and they did it with the economy of the true professional. I think of them now as guests at some grand banquet, held on the balcony of the Gran Hotel in Almeria, with laughter and bravado their most singular characteristics, all of them drinking Spanish brandy and looking out past the ugly little swimming pool toward Africa, and how privileged I felt to be in their company. I suppose I'll know them all my life, but maybe not. I do know that no matter where we meet, or when, we can say that very special sentence: "We made a movie together." And we did, by God. We did.

New York. March 6, 1971

DOC

EXT: MESA

We open on a stark Southwestern landscape. Sudden ridges, escarpments, with no sign of a living creature, no splash of green, no silver rivers in the sun. Except for one black dot on a high mesa. We approach the dot, with no sound except the long sigh of the wind. We come closer and we see that the dot is a man, sitting at a table on the mesa. The mesa has sheer walls, and the man is quite alone.

Now we hear another sound: the slapping of playing cards against wood, the large playing cards of the 1880s.

The man is DOC HOLLIDAY. He is dressed completely in black, and his face, as he looks up at us, has a serene quality to it, the serenity perhaps of a man who has resigned himself to fate. He is about to lay one card upon another when he notices us.

DOC

Hello.

(tentative, as if faintly surprised that
we have come to visit)

I'm afraid I don't have much to welcome you with.

(stares down at the cards before him, concentrating for a beat)

I've been trying for a red 10 for a long time now. Hours, it seems, or days. Or years.

He bites his lip, ignoring us for the moment, absorbed in the game. We notice his long, delicate hands. Then he stops in disgust, gathers the cards, assembles them and runs them through a fast shuffle. The hands seem to have a separate life, moving the cards through a small ballet.

DOC

Lost. You know,

(smiling)

I've been playing cards forever.
I suppose I'll never stop.

Doc pushes the chair back, and stands, his hands jammed in his front pockets. He is a tall angular figure now, much larger than the wooden table and lone chair. His moustache is thick, speckled with either white hairs or desert dust. His eyes are grey and intelligent, and beneath the moustache the mouth carries a nice, almost gentle touch of irony. Doc puts one foot on the chair, leaning with an elbow on his knee.

DOC

(to us, and to himself)

But you know, losing isn't so terrible, once you get used to it. *Here,* you can only lose to your-. self. The same as where *you* come from. It's just that learning such things takes so bloody long *there.*

He seems to want to change the subject and walks away from the table to the edge of the mesa. He looks out across the bleak landscape of steeples, mesas, arroyos, all baking in the sun, and up at the hard blue roof of the sky.

DOC

It's barbarous. Barbarous and final. Does it apall you? Jesus, it appalls me. Nothing but the sun and the wind . . . and a sliver of hope. You must understand: I was the sort of man who loved the sound of laughter and noise in my days, and I had my share. More than my share, say the quick-to-judge.

Let's say I loved good whiskey and cold wine, the rough hard company of men, satin evenings with women.

(he pauses, contemplating the past with some amount of pain, mixed with relief)

That's all gone.

(a beat)

You see, purgatory is a prison. And in one way, at least, prison is a form of solace. The brain becomes a cell, tied in by bars of despair. You no longer find yourself stuttering with fear, traveling through long nights because you are afraid of the dark. You have no time for dull heroes and lewd fancies. No worries about grub, money, cold ambition. Or survival. Here, in the prison of purgatory, you fear nothing.

He turns to look directly at us, the lined, ironic face looking neat and knowledgeable. We can see the fierce landscape behind him, shimmering and distorted in the baking sun.

DOC

In fact, there would be no real punishment involved, if it weren't for memory. It is memory that mocks, and memory that instructs. Left to memory, you are forever caught between always and perhaps.

His face is very straight now, as if composed entirely of ruled lines, and he stares at us from some special position of anguish.

DOC

Since I have nothing here for the entertainment of strangers, let me speak to you then . . . of memory. The year was 1881, an apostrophe of time, when my mind was still poised on a moment of flesh.

EXT: NIGHT

A brutal summer storm rages behind MAIN TITLES. We are high in mountains, in the midst of pine forest and gullies roaring with water. A lone horseman in a slick black poncho is trying to push through to clear country. A roar of thunder startles his horse, and a scribble of lightning reveals the horseman to be Doc. His face is younger, wilder, with hard white teeth snarling at the night, and something furious and dangerous working in his eyes. The horse loses footing, whinnies, starts to slide on water-lashed rocks. Doc pulls viciously on the reins.

DOC

Straighten out, you son of a bitch. Straighten.

The horse seems to obey, and plants its hoofs, and straightens out. Doc pushes into clearer country, out of the density of the forest, and finds himself on a ridge overlooking a plain. Away off, a pinhead of yellow light signals some distant settlement. Doc spurs the horse, and they begin their descent.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of Doc approaching a group of four buildings. The yellow light is burning in one of them, and the others recede in the wet darkness. Behind Doc the mountains loom, large and ominous, We see nothing beyond the cluster of buildings. There are three horses tied before the house with the light, whinnying and rearing with each crackle of lightning, or rumble of thunder. Doc dismounts, unbuckles the saddle and roll, ties the horse to the post, and walks into the building.

INT: NIGHT

Doc enters a small bar and general store. Stairs run to a second floor on the right. It is very small and cramped. At a small table in the corner are IKE CLANTON, THE KID, and KATE ELDER. The Kid has a downy, trembling face. Clanton has his arm around Kate, squeezing her breast. The Kid is watching this from the corner of his eye, trying *not* to watch, drinking a glass of beer nervously. Against the far wall, a fat Mexican BARTENDER dozes behind a zinc bar. He comes awake when Doc drops his gear loudly at the door. Clanton looks up too, his grinning face a kind of lewd challenge; he doesn't remove his hand from Kate's breast.

Doc crosses to the bar. The others all look at him.

DOC
(to bartender)
Whiskey.

BARTENDER
(Spanish accent)
We ain't got no whiskey.

DOC
Jesus. Then give me a cold beer.

BARTENDER
We ain't got no cold beer.

DOC
(jerking thumb at the table)
What the hell are *they* drinking?

BARTENDER
Warm beer.

DOC
(exhaling loudly through mouth)
Give me a warm beer.

The Bartender opens a bottle of beer, while Doc turns slightly to look at the corner table. Ike Clanton has a hard, vicious face, made up of flat slabs, and eyes that

are too close together; his eyebrows meet, like a dark horizontal bar fixed above his eyes. Kate stares directly at Doc, ignoring Clanton, who continues to paw her with a kind of boasting salaciousness. Kate is very dirty, with blowsy dark hair and disheveled clothes; her boots are caked with mud, and the party seems to have been on the road for several days. Doc notices, however, that Kate is quite beautiful beneath the trail dirt; a girl with fine chiseled features, high cheekbones, and wild deep eyes. She sits through Clanton's pawing in cold silence, like a piece of property.

DOC
(to the Bartender)
Where the hell is this place?

BARTENDER
Ain't got no name, mister.

DOC
(coughing, and swallowing something)
No name? Well,
(sipping beer)
how far to Tombstone?

BARTENDER
Tombstone? I don't know.
(yelling past Doc at Clanton)
Hey cowboy, how far to Tombstone?

CLANTON
(turning from Kate)
Who wants to know?

BARTENDER
(while Doc turns slowly to look at Clanton, with his eyes narrowing)
This gentleman here, he want to know how far to Tombstone.

CLANTON
Depends whether he can ride.
(smiling, with yellow teeth)

Maybe a day. Maybe three days. For a dude, maybe a month.

(Clanton laughs, reaches across Kate
and slaps The Kid on the shoulder)

Right, kid?

The Kid smiles wanly.

BARTENDER

(to Doc)

He says maybe a day, maybe three days, maybe a month.

DOC

(draining mug)

I heard him. Give me another beer.

BARTENDER

You didn't pay for the first one yet.

DOC

Real trusting people here in No Name.

(he pushes his jacket aside, reaches in
vest pocket, removes silver dollar. We
notice a long pistol strapped to belt)

Tell you what. I'll flip you for the whiskey. You win, you keep the dollar. I win, I drink all night, you give me a room, and let me get my mount out of the rain.

BARTENDER

We got no place for horses.

DOC

Alright, forget the horse. Flip?

The Bartender shrugs his assent. Doc flips the coin.

DOC

Call it.

BARTENDER

Heads.

The coin is turned on Doc's wrist. It is heads, and Doc

has lost. He starts to grin, when he hears loud laughter behind him.

CLANTON
(his hands off Kate)
Jesus Christ, Jesus H. Christ. Beat by a goddam Messican. Flips for a beer and gets beat by a Messican.

Kate is laughing too, and The Kid, nudged into laughter starts too, nervously. The Bartender doesn't laugh. Doc turns slowly, his left elbow on the top of the zinc bar, facing them directly for the first time. He is very calm, and deliberately, lazily, he places one booted foot across the other. His face is a mask.

DOC
You a gambler, cowboy?

CLANTON
(his laughter peeling off now)
Yeah, I gamble, dude.

Doc moves away from the bar, a kind of resigned control in his movements. He walks over to the table, his right hand hanging free, the thumb of the left stuck in his belt. He stands over Clanton and Kate, while The Kid watches.

DOC
I'll play you for the girl.

Clanton, looking up, stares hard at Doc for a beat. Kate imperceptibly begins to move from under Clanton's hand.

CLANTON
I ain't gonna play for the lady. Why, me and her's in love. We gonna go back to the ranch and have us a big weddin', and raise cattle an' live happy ever after.

KATE
(sharply)
You talkin' cowshit, Ike Clanton.

DOC

We'll play one hand. Draw poker. My horse against your woman.

CLANTON

(ignoring Doc and addressing Kate)

Shut up woman. I done bought you fair and square. Me an' the kid didn't drive them cows all that way to Fort Griffin so we could lose you to a dude.

KATE

You don't own me, cowboy.

CLANTON

Then let's say I done rented you.

KATE

Why don't you play the gentleman for the rent then?

CLANTON

(pushing chair back loudly)

Okay, I will!

(to Doc)

Sit down, dude.

(to Bartender)

Oye, mozo, traiga some cards.

BARTENDER

We ain't got no cards.

DOC

(sitting down, facing Clanton)

I got cards.

CLANTON

(smiling the yellow grin)

You don't think I'd play with your cards?

DOC

(taking deck from vest pocket)

Look them over.

KATE

For Christ's sakes, Ike, play the game.

CLANTON

(examining back of cards)

Shut up, Kate.

(beat)

Well, I guess they look okay.

DOC

(shuffling the cards with a smooth, brisk gambler's movement)

Let the lady cut for deal. High card. She cuts for you first, then for me.

Clanton nods assent. Kate cuts the deck, drawing a six of spades for Clanton, then a ten of hearts for Doc. She takes a long look at Doc when she turns up the ten, and Doc returns the look, more briefly, as he gathers the cards to begin the shuffle.

The game is very tense. All we hear is the pounding of the rain, the breathing of the players, the slapping sound of the cards.

The game ends, with Clanton holding sevens and threes, and Doc holding three kings and two tens. The tension suddenly snaps, and Clanton goes for his gun. Almost immediately, Doc has a derringer pointed at Clanton's head, with his elbow resting on the table.

DOC

(very mean, very determined, very low key)

You can reach for it, if you want, cowboy. But if you do, you'll end up with two assholes. One of them will be in your head.

Clanton's eyes are blazing, but he brings his hands up to the table. A small smile plays on Kate's face. The Kid's face flickers with indecision. Doc and Clanton rise simultaneously, the derringer still pointed straight at Clanton's head. While rising, Doc takes a cheroot from his pocket with his left hand, takes a wooden match from The Kid's pack, and snaps the match alight with his thumb.

DOC

Now, get the hell out of here.

The Kid goes to the door first. Clanton follows, backing up, his face humiliated, as Doc shifts to the Navy Colt.

CLANTON

(snarling)

See you in Tombstone, dude.

DOC

(smiling coldly)

Could be.

The cowboys are gone. The Bartender exhales in relief. We hear the horses pounding off in the rain. Doc puts the derringer in the vest pocket, the Colt in the holster, and clamps the cheroot in his mouth.

DOC

(walking towards Kate, who is standing against the far wall)

Let's go, lady.

KATE

Go where?

DOC

Why I just *won* you! Fair and square.

KATE

(coldly)

I reckon you did.

Doc takes her by the hand, and walks to the stairs leading to the rooms above.

DOC

(to the Bartender)

Send up a big tub of hot water.

BARTENDER

We ain't got no hot water, mister.

DOC

No stable, no cards. No cold beer, no hot water.

HEAT some goddamned water!

(a beat, as he starts up the stairs)

I gotta wash this bitch.

INT: THE ROOM—NIGHT

Doc turns the key in the door, and slips it into his vest. He throws his hat on a small dresser. The room is cramped and tiny, and there are no curtains on the rain-washed window. He looks at Kate for a beat, and then starts to laugh.

DOC

You're just about the filthiest woman I've seen since I left Baltimore, and that's 12 years.

KATE

Why you mean-faced, flat-assed pigsticker, you don't exactly smell like no field of roses!

Doc makes one step towards her, his face devoid of expression, and she pushes at him, and then starts beating against him as he closes with her. He grabs her hair violently, the way he yanked at the horse's reins, pulls her head back, and kisses her hard on the lips, finishing by biting her. Then he lets go of the hair, and steps back. She runs her tongue on the lip, touches it with a finger, sees blood, and then stands back for a beat. She starts to laugh, slowly, from way down inside of herself, and Doc starts laughing too. The laughter is wild and absurd, two strangers in the middle of nowhere sealing an odd moment in blood. Doc takes off his coat, then his vest, folding them neatly, as Kate steps out of her skirt, and then removes her blouse. They fall naked to the bed, with Kate on top.

KATE

I'll wash in the morning.

DOC

Promise?

KATE

Promise.

INT: THE ROOM—DAY

Kate starts to awake slowly in a room now bright with sunlight. There are no sheets on the mattress. She is covered against the chill by Doc's coat. Her face is thick with sleep. Then she comes suddenly awake. Doc is almost completely dressed. Looking very natty.

DOC
I'm gonna need that coat.

KATE
Where the hell you goin', Doc?

DOC
I told you. Tombstone. I got to see someone there.

KATE
A woman?

DOC
No. An old friend.

Kate is up now. She seems unembarrassed while dressing in front of a man.

KATE
I'm goin' with you.

DOC
The hell you are.

KATE
(turning black and angry in mood)
Why, you skinny prairie rat. I had a ride to Tombstone with that Clanton. At *least* that far. But you busted that up. Then you take me up here, you shoot yore pistol all over my insides, and then you say you gonna take off, like a goddamned timber wolf. You got some nerve.

DOC
Look, lady. I never travel with anyone. Where I

go, I go by myself. I don't want any complications. I don't carry extra baggage.

KATE

(now fully dressed)

I'm baggage, huh?

DOC

I don't mean it exactly that way. It's just that I've got to go. Alone.

(he takes some coins from his pocket)

Look. I've got six dollars to my name. Here's three. That should take care of last night.

Suddenly Kate begins to sob. It is not so much that she has been offered money; she has taken money from men before. It is that she is being abandoned. And she sits on the sheetless bed in the squalid room, her face hurt and vulnerable, her clothes looking dirtier in the hard morning light. She turns, her voice still breaking and starts talking very softly.

KATE

I don't want no three dollars, Doc. I want you to take me with you.

Doc has his coat on now, but he has stopped the process of departure for at least a moment. He is listening.

KATE

This is the ass end of the West, Doc, it ain't even got a name. I got no money, no horse, no way to get out of here. I just can't stay here alone, waiting for some saddle tramp to take me out.

DOC

How the hell did you end up here with that saddle tramp last night?

KATE

(more coldly)

Ike Clanton? Oh, him and the kid ran some cows up to Fort Griffin. Ike bought me.

DOC

Bought you?

KATE

I owed a lady some money. Ike paid her. And he took me as settlement.

DOC

You really hang out with the elite.

KATE

(imploring)

Aw, shit, Doc. Don't come on like a preacher. Just take me out of here. Take me with you to Tombstone, where I can get some honest work whorin'. Just don't leave me with that fat greaser downstairs.

Doc clamps his black flat hat on his head. He looks in a cracked mirror at himself, sees Kate peering at him in her misery, and then turns slowly, in resignation, and exhales loudly again.

DOC

(quietly)

Come on.

She gets up, smiling tentatively, as Doc opens the door. A tub of cold water is sitting there.

DOC

That's one promise you already broke.

KATE

I won't break any more.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE BAR—DAY

Doc is saddling the horse, while Kate looks on. The Bartender suddenly appears.

BARTENDER

Hey, you didn't pay me for the room.

DOC

I need water, I need grub. You get me them and you get paid.

BARTENDER

We ain't got no . . .

DOC

Just bring the stuff, Jefe. You gotta eat something to get a belly like that.

Doc finishes saddling the horse. He is clumsy at the task. The horse seems to resist his best efforts.

DOC

Calm down. Easy. Calm down.

The horse rears up, and Doc kicks it viciously.

KATE

What the hell you do that for?

DOC

Shut up. These ignorant bloody brutes only understand a good beating.

The Bartender emerges with two canteens of water, and some paper-wrapped packages.

BARTENDER

That's three dollars, fifty for the food and the room.

DOC

Here's four. Keep the change.

He lifts Kate up on the horse, then saddles himself, with Kate sitting behind him.

BARTENDER

(to himself)

Gringo cabrones. Pendejos.

Doc and Kate start trotting away from the odd cluster of buildings. A fat Mexican woman beating tortillas watches them. Scrawny chickens scurry out of the way. The sky is clear, and a dog sloshes in a puddle as they head across the plain.

DOC

(turning slightly to Kate)

By the way. What the hell is your name?

EXT: DESERT—MID-AFTERNOON

The sun beats down fiercely. Kate has her head resting on the back of Doc's neck. The horse is moving slowly. They are moving through a grove of giant cactus. No sounds. Just the wind.

KATE

Doc, I gotta have something to drink, Doc.

DOC

Not till we see the mountains.

KATE

I gotta have some water. My tongue. It feels like I licked a dyin' horse.

DOC

(firmly)

You just gotta wait, Katy Elder. We got a long ride yet.

A different view, further across the desert. The cactus are gone now, as if nothing possibly could grow here. Away off, Doc sees the thin blue line of the mountains. He stops the horse. Kate looks up, bleary-eyed, but with almost the reverse appearance of the thick morning look; now she just seems drained.

DOC

It's time for a drink.

KATE

Thank Jesus.

Doc unscrews the top of the canteen, never looking at Kate, staring off at the blue ridge of the mountains. He hands the canteen back to Kate.

KATE

(softly)

Thanks, Doc.

Her hair is matted with dust from the journey, and she is sweaty in the heat. She takes a long drain from the canteen. And then spits it out on the desert floor.

KATE

Son of a bitch. Son of a bitch bastard. It's poisoned! The goddamned water is poisoned.

Doc takes the canteen, smells it, takes a taste on his tongue.

DOC

(screwing his face)

Vinegar.

KATE

That goddamned greaser.

DOC

(chuckling, admiring the way the Bartender screwed him)

Still fighting the Mexican War.

KATE

(wild)

You shouldda *shot* him, Doc, stead a payin' him!

DOC

(cooler now, as he pours vinegar out)

Save your energy. We got a long ride to those mountains.

KATE

(pointing at distant line)

You mean we gotta go all the way to there?

DOC

(replacing canteen in bag)

That's about the size of it.

KATE

Without no water?

DOC

(coldly, spurring horse)

That's right.

KATE
(groaning)
Holy God. Holy God.

Another point of view. Doc is slouched in the saddle. Kate is delirious. The sun is unmovable. Then, slowly, Kate falls away from Doc, into the sand.

DOC
(pulling up horse)
For Christ's sakes.

He gets down, tests her pulse, coughs a bit, spits blood. Then he lifts Kate, with much difficulty because she is a dead weight now and he is not very strong. He throws her across the saddle. Then he takes some line from a saddle bag and ties her to the saddle. He is muttering all the way:

DOC
Goddamit . . . Thirty-two years old, and saddled with a woman . . . Crossing the desert with one horse, a canteen of vinegar and a woman . . . Goddamit, Holliday, your brain's turning to grits.

He pushes the horse on. Another point of view. Dusk now. Before them is a brutal escarpment, with almost a sheer cliff face. Near the top are trees. Doc moves along the base of the cliff, looking for shade. In the distance to his right, the cliff starts to soften into trees, the position where the pass must be located. Doc heads that way, and pulls up in a grove of desert pine.

He unties Kate. Her wrists and ankles are raw and bleeding from the cord. She is still unconscious. He lifts her down, and carries her to the shade of the pine grove. Then, very gently and with near-tenderness, he puts her down, smoothing her hair.

DOC
You just stay put, woman. I gotta go find some water.

Doc is moving along the cliff face, carrying the canteens. Finally, he finds a small trickle coming down an incision in the cliff face. He puts his hand in, wipes the dust from his face with a wet handkerchief, and fills the canteen. He returns to Kate. She is lying right where he left her. Very gently, even more tenderly than before, he cleans her face with the damp handkerchief. He parts her lips, which are dry and parched, and forces the water into her. Then he cleans the bloody wrists and ankles. He has removed his jacket for this, and with his sleeves rolled up, and the hands moving with practiced sureness, he looks like a doctor.

It is dark. Doc has a fire going. The horse is unsaddled. Kate comes awake. She sees Doc across the fire, asleep with his hat over his head, resting against the saddle.

KATE

Doc.

Doc is suddenly awake, his gun, which had been on his chest, cocked.

DOC

(coldly)

Oh, you.

KATE

Where in the hell are we?

DOC

Mountains. Should be in Tombstone tomorrow afternoon, if we're where I think we are.

KATE

I'm hungry.

DOC

There's beans and a pan next to the fire, and some salt beef.

KATE

Beans make you fart.

DOC

Just stay away from me.

KATE

(getting up)

You stay away from *me.* I see you been eating beans too.

DOC

(placing hat back over face)

You gotta work by my rules on this trip.

KATE

Bastard.

DOC

Whore.

KATE

Killer.

Doc sits up, taking the hat away.

DOC

(coldly)

What do you mean, killer?

KATE

(brazen, mixing beans in the pan)

I seen your kind before, Doc Holliday. I knew you for a gunfighter the minute you walked into that pigsty back there. The way you walk with your right hand hangin' loose. The way you look around a room like a rattler was lyin' in the pickle barrel. That little gun you got in your vest. I been on the line four years. You get to learn *somethin'*.

DOC

(not looking at her)

I haven't killed a man in a long time.

KATE

(bawdy)

And I ain't screwed a man since I was twelve

Doc laughs drily, then takes a coughing spell, stands up and moves out of the fire's light.

KATE

You need a drink, Doc.

DOC

There ain't anything to drink. Just water.

KATE

(softly; reaching for canteen)

Doc, I want to thank you for cleanin' me up. I don't feel near as bad as I should.

DOC

(taking long swallow of the water)

Go to sleep, woman. We got to start early.

KATE

(moving around the fire)

Doc?

DOC

Yeah?

KATE

(lewdly, with humor)

I never done it in the woods before.

DOC

(lying down to sleep)

I told you to go to sleep.

KATE

You are some mean creature. A mean, rat-souled heartless lonesome creature . . .

She lies down covering herself with a horse blanket. She turns her back to the fire, and to Doc. Doc is squatting on his haunches, dropping kindling on the fire.

DOC

If you gotta break wind, turn the other way. You aim at the fire, you might blow us both up, and I gotta get to Tombstone.

KATE
(muffled voice)
Suck grass.

Doc lies down, staring for a long time at the starfilled sky, listening to the sounds of the desert night. He whispers one word:

DOC
Lonesome . . .

EXT: TOMBSTONE—LATE AFTERNOON

Doc and Kate ride into the broad open main street of Tombstone. The street is nine blocks long, covered with muck and horse-dung. On the plain board sidewalks, there are men from every background: grizzled miners from the silver lode outside of town; Mexicans in vaquero costumes; Chinese laborers in classic pigtail and smock; rough, unshaven cowboys; some men who are better dressed and are obviously the people making the money in the town. A string of pack mules heavy with supplies is led off by a miner. Horses are everywhere, and one drops a pile of dung below him as Doc and Kate pass by.

A group is gathered at one corner, listening to a tall, mad-eyed, angular PREACHER.

Outside the Sheriff's office, three men are sitting. One sees Doc and Kate, leans back and taps on the window. A short, soft-faced man named JOHNNY BEHAN appears at the window and watches Doc's procession. He scrutinizes Doc's face for a long beat.

In the office of the Tombstone Epitaph, a YOUNG BOY shouts:

YOUNG BOY
Mr. Clum! Come here for a minute and take a look!

CLUM comes from the rear of the building. He is in his 30's, with a closely-shaven polished face, wearing an immaculately starched printer's apron.

CLUM

(watching Doc's rather stately procession down the filthy street, with Kate clinging to his back)

If they have a kid called Jesus, we got ourselves a story.

From Doc's POV, a man comes sprawling out of the Oriental saloon, and lands on his back in the mud. A fierce grizzled man with blank eyes comes out after him, cracking the bottom off a bottle on a hitching post.

KATE

(sarcastic)

That your friend, Doc? The one you lookin' for?

DOC

That's probably the Mayor.

They come into the main blocks. Doc looks up at the second story of one of the buildings. A WHORE, with a Mexican face, brutish, gold teeth, whips out an immense breast. A SECOND WHORE purses her lips, and beckons, but the gesture is toward Kate, not Doc.

DOC

Some of *your* friends?

KATE

Just a couple of workin' girls. Servants for the likes of you.

DOC

Fatso looks like she did most of her serving with her mouth.

Doc pulls up before the Continental Hotel. It's three stories high, made of fresh-cut pine board. Miners move in and out. The town is booming. Down the street, carpenters are building another structure, and beyond that are adobe houses. Beyond the adobe, we can glimpse the desert, and mountains away off.

Doc climbs down. The mud is like glue, and he makes

a squishing sound as he gets off the horse. Then he offers a hand to Kate.

DOC

End of the line, Kate. We reached the railhead.

KATE

(getting down with Doc's help)

I guess so.

DOC

I promised to take you here. No further.

KATE

(looking at him as if asking not to be let go)

And I promised to leave you here.

DOC

That was the deal.

KATE

(brushing dust off skirt)

I'll see you around, Dude.

Doc sticks out a hand to shake with her, but she ignores it. She throws her shoulders back and her breasts out, and walks boldly down the wooden sidewalks, the breasts bouncing as she walks. She's smiling, and there is a quality of boldness and wild beauty to her.

In the Oriental saloon a rough, middle-aged COWBOY sees Kate passing in the street, and slowly withdraws a cheroot from his mouth.

MIDDLE-AGED COWBOY

Sufferin' heart of God.

A PROSPECTOR, grey and bearded, moves up beside him, watching Kate's progress on the other side of street. He adjusts his rimless spectacles.

Clum, the editor of the Epitaph, holds proofs in his hand, but watches Kate instead.

Kate slaps one old, weathered COWBOY on the ass.

KATE

Come on, cowboy. New girl in town.

Cowboy looks stunned. Now, after walking three blocks in the noisy, crowded boom town, Kate has attracted a fairly large audience. She stops at the whorehouse, a two-story structure with a lace-curtained parlor. She looks up. The Fat Whore is at the window. Kate talks straight at her, while other whores, most of them Mexican, crowd behind the Fat Whore.

KATE

Hey, sister. Open up. I gotta teach you bitches about screwin'.

INT: CONTINENTAL HOTEL—LATE AFTERNOON

Doc is in the lobby, his saddlebags on the floor, signing the register. The CLERK looks at the signature.

CLERK

John Holliday. How long you plan to be with us, Mr. Holliday?

DOC

Oh, a while . . .

CLERK

Have a pleasant stay.

DOC

I want to get rid of my horse. There a livery stable nearby?

CLERK

Sure, Dunbar's. Down by the OK Corral. I'll have a boy take your mount over there, Mr. Holliday.

DOC

Thanks. There's one other thing. Do you know Wyatt Earp?

CLERK

The marshal? Well, ah . . .

DOC

Tell him Doc's in town.

CLERK

Doc?

DOC

Just tell him. He'll understand.

Doc lifts bags and starts up stairs. Clerk stares at register again.

CLERK

(to himself)

Doc Holliday . . . ?

Doc enters a small, airless room, with one high window. He puts a bottle of whiskey on the floor. He unbuckles the Navy Colt and puts it under the mattress. He begins to undress, and we now see the weariness in him from the long desert journey.

Doc starts to cough, softly, and then violently. It is the worst coughing spell we have seen so far. He takes a copy of the Epitaph from the floor, and spits blood into it. He unplugs the whiskey bottle, takes a long swallow, and that seems to stop the coughing spell. He balls the newspaper, opens the door, and throws the newspaper into the hall. Then he leans against the door, staring at the empty, urine-stained mattress. He looks terribly alone.

DOC

Kate . . .

INT: THE HOTEL ROOM—NIGHT

Doc sleeps in the darkened room. Away off we can hear Mexican mariachi music, faintly, and the sounds of human argument. Voices rise and fall. There is a trace of a waltz in the air.

We hear footsteps in the hall, approaching Doc's room.

Then a hand tries the door. It is locked. A key slides into the lock. Doc is awake, the Navy Colt in hand, aimed at the door.

The door opens, and a tall, sturdily-built man stands in the yellow light from the hallway. He is clean-shaven, and wearing modified cowboy clothes: not dudish like Doc, but not the clothes of a working cowboy either. Doc looks up at him.

DOC
(very gently)
Wyatt . . .

WYATT
Hello, John . . .

Doc gets up and they embrace. The embrace resembles a Mexican abrazo, but it is much warmer, much more personal.

WYATT
Let's go get a drink. I gotta lot to tell you about.

INT: THE ALHAMBRA SALOON—NIGHT

This is a long narrow saloon. The bar is on the right as you come in, and you must pass it to get to the back room, where there are tables. At the tables men are playing cards, and in one corner a three piece mariachi band is providing entertainment (two violins and trumpet). A few aging whores are in the place, but mostly it is cowboys and miners. The miners are a particularly filthy group.

We see one of the whores grab one of the miners by the crotch.

BARTLETT, the owner, picks his nose and wipes the snot on his apron.

Through the door come Ike Clanton, The Kid, BILLY CLANTON, FRANK MCLOWERY.

IKE CLANTON

(to the Kid)

Come on, Kid, we gotta learn you to drink rye whiskey.

BILLY CLANTON

(to Ike)

Aw, leave the kid alone, Ike. He don't like whiskey. He likes beer.

IKE CLANTON

(to Bartlett)

Four whiskeys.

Barlett pours four whiskeys.

BARTLETT

Two dollars, Ike.

Ike peels off two dollars from a roll. The gold-toothed whore comes in. Ike nudges Billy.

IKE CLANTON

You know what you really need, Kid. You need your pole greased. Now Concha here . . .

CONCHA

(putting her hand inside The Kid's trousers)

Oh, yes, mon. Fresh meat. Tha's somesing Concha know how to treat good.

The Kid is clearly embarrassed, and trying to take Concha's hand out of his trousers. The others are all smiling, while Bartlett looks stony.

THE KID

Well, look, Concha. Maybe later, because, uh, I gotta go someplace first and uh . . .

Ike Clanton suddenly looks past the crowd at the bar to the door.

IKE CLANTON

Well, well, look who's here.

Wyatt and Doc come through the door. The passage is narrow, but Ike Clanton doesn't make any room. Doc is walking before Wyatt. Wyatt carries a gun in holster.

CLANTON

Hello, dude.

DOC

Hello, cowboy.
(smiling)
Play some cards?

Wyatt steps past Doc and pushes Clanton out of the way.

WYATT
(to Doc)

Don't talk to this scum.

Clanton starts back at Wyatt, but Billy Clanton holds him.

BILLY CLANTON

Forget it, Ike. He's packin' and you ain't.

Doc and Wyatt walk into the back room, which is noisy with music.

IKE CLANTON

That Earp. And that dude. For a plugged nickel, I'd . . .

BARTLETT

. . . get yourself killed. That dude is Doc Holliday, and him and Wyatt killed a lotta people up in Dodge.

They order more whiskey, with Ike nudging The Kid privately.

IKE CLANTON
(to The Kid, in whisper)

You keep your mouth shut about the girl.

In the back, Wyatt and Doc sit at a table, with a bottle of whiskey and a deck of cards.

WYATT

As sure as hell, there's gonna be bad trouble with them Clantons.

DOC

Why? You're a deputy marshal. You have a gun and none of them have guns inside the city limits. What do you want trouble with them for?

WYATT

Because they're bad people, John.

DOC

(amazed)

Bad people?

WYATT

Yeah.

DOC

(chuckling softly)

If there weren't any bad people, what would you do for a living, marshal?

WYATT

(grim)

It ain't funny.

DOC

Ah, the hell with it, Wyatt. Look: I gotta make some money. I'm down to about fifty cents. Tell me about Tombstone, I mean more than what you said in the letter.

WYATT

(slowly, but precise)

It's simple. The town's gone from 500 people to eight thousand in a year and a half. The silver mines are booming. I already got me a deal to be deputy marshal, in charge of Tombstone. But the town ain't organized proper. My brothers, Virge and Morgan are here, and one of us gotta be sheriff. That's where the real

money is. I figure you could run a gambling concession, right here in the Alhambra. If we run the law and you run the gambling, we'd end up rich.
(very deliberately)
Very rich.

DOC
You sound like a bad people, Wyatt.

WYATT
(brightening)
Hell, John, someone gotta do it. We only give the people what they want.

Doc riffles the cards and begins to deal.

DOC
A little game, companero?

WYATT
(bad Spanish accent)
Como no.

The place begins to fill up. Players join the game. In a series of quick cuts, we see Doc's winnings piling up. The concentration is fierce, as it has been and will be every time we see Doc play cards. The level of Doc's whiskey bottle is steadily dropping. The noise in the saloon gets wilder, and the band has to play louder to be heard over the talking, arguing and laughing.

Then there is a sudden explosion of approval from the men, as Kate enters with two MEXICAN WHORES. Kate is wearing a cheap, whory, satin red dress with a lot of cleavage, and she is cleaned up, except for the mud on her boots. Her hair has been washed, piled high on her head, and she looks gorgeous. Doc looks up for a moment, but continues playing the hand.

At the bar, Ike Clanton, now very drunk, grabs Kate by the waist.

IKE CLANTON

If it ain't my little Fort Griffin *puta!* Come back to ole Ike, didn't ya? Lemme see your boobs, lovebird.

KATE

(pulling away)

You better get a note from your ma first, burro-brain.

IKE CLANTON

(mean)

Come here, bitch.

Kate whirls and jams a knee between Clanton's legs. He bends over in pain. The Kid is watching carefully. The bar explodes in bravoes for Kate's audacity. She heads toward the back room, as Wyatt goes past her, walking right at Clanton. One Mexican whore yells back at Clanton:

MEXICAN WHORE

Pendejo! Chingada pendejo cabron!

Ike Clanton is starting to straighten out when Wyatt reaches him. Wyatt stands over him, very deliberately. Ike Clanton looks up.

IKE CLANTON

Stay out of this, big boy.

WYATT

Get out of here, scum.

IKE CLANTON

(surly)

Take that gun off, marshal, and throw away that badge, and we'd see if you're man enough to run me out.

Wyatt explodes: he smashes Clanton three times on the head with the butt of his pistol, and as he falls, Wyatt kicks him, spinning him over on his back. Clanton falls in a bloody shambles. Then Wyatt addresses Billy Clanton and the others.

WYATT

Get this saddle bum out of here.

They pick up Ike, who is bleeding badly from the top of the head and from the ear. The Kid doesn't help.

THE KID

(to his brother)

I'm gonna stay a while. I'll see you out at the ranch.

FRANK MCLOWERY

Just watch your ass. That Earp is a maniac.

They help Ike Clanton out of the saloon, which has now lost interest in what is to most of them just another scuffle. The Kid looks past the crowded bar at Kate, who is dancing in the back with a FAT MEXICAN in an elaborate vaquero costume, including silver buckles and heavy spurs which drag along the floor. The other whores are also dancing, but most of the men are watching Kate.

The Fat Mexican can't dance. He also can't speak English.

FAT MEXICAN

Tus labios estan rojo y colorado . . .

KATE

(smiling fake smile)

Pull the skin back over your head.

FAT MEXICAN

Ay, muchacha, tu tienes ojos como el mar . . .

KATE

(mock romantic voice)

Your mother did it with donkeys.

FAT MEXICAN

Tu alma es como una virgen . . .

KATE

(the smile pasted on)

And your father should have pulled out.

The Mexican's spurs then get tangled and he can't move. Everybody is laughing. He is smiling, entranced, in love. He excuses himself.

FAT MEXICAN

Muchissimas gracias, senorita, usted es la primer guapa in este region . . .

KATE

(with an exaggerated curtsy)

Go out in the woods and get hold of yourself.

Now The Kid comes over to dance. He is clumsy and schoolboyish. We see, in their contrasting faces, that Kate has been around a bit. When she is with Doc, whose face is marked by time, she looks young. With this 18-year-old kid, she looks old.

THE KID

It's good to see you again, Miss Kate.

KATE

(not really interested)

How are you, kid?

Through all of this, Doc and Wyatt have been playing cards, with Doc stealing glances at Kate. They finish a hand, and one of the Mexican whores comes over.

MEXICAN WHORE

(to Doc)

Hey, skinny man, you want to do some dance?

DOC

(standing)

Yeah . . .

He walks past the Mexican whore, and strolls over to the band, whispers to the apparent leader, who nods. They finish their song. Doc walks over to Kate and The Kid.

DOC

(softly, to the Kid)

You better go home, kid. Kate isn't your kind of girl.

The Kid smiles wanly, and backs away, tentatively, and then turns and walks out.

KATE
(a murmur)
What kept you, Doc?

The band starts to play a waltz. Doc takes Kate in his hands and wordlessly begins to dance. This is a Doc we haven't seen before, standing tall and oddly elegant, moving in graceful, precise steps, his movements evidence of a past that is irretrievably behind him. The music, which was brassy and rowdy earlier, is now a kind of declaration of the spirit, strange and lonely. The bar grows quiet. The floor clears as Doc and Kate dance in a tight island of beauty.

One of the Mexican whores is sitting beside Wyatt now, in Doc's seat. The game has stopped, as men sit back, and look into their glasses. The music has made many of them think of where they have come from, and where they are going.

MEXICAN WHORE
(slowly)
Your fren', he's a beautiful man.

WYATT
(thoughtfully)
Yeah.

EXT: MAIN STREET OF TOMBSTONE—DAY

It is Sunday. A bearded preacher walks down the sidewalk, trying to get people to come to the Oriental saloon for services. The street is relatively quiet, as if the entire town were suffering from a hangover.

PREACHER
Come witness the word of God! The Lord has opened the gates, and the Oriental saloon has been opened to ye who care to hear his words!

WHORE
(from upstairs window)
Why don't you have it up here, preacher?

PREACHER
O ye of little faith, ye scavengers of the Earth,
the fire shall devour ye and the afflictions of Job
shall wither thee, and the devil shall be defeated.

We can see Kate now, moving behind the whore, smoking, not dressed, with the satin dress in a heap on a chair.

WHORE
(to Preacher)
Tell the devil we doze, but never close.

The Preacher moves off down the deaf street.

KATE
Mary, why don't you go back to sleep?

MARY
Too hot. Too hot for anything. I shouldda ast
the preacher to pray for rain.
(pause)
What happened to your skinny friend?

KATE
(flat, without emotion)
We danced. He went home. Go to sleep.

She buries her head in pillow.

Down the street, Doc emerges from hotel. He is hungover. He stands alone in front of the hotel, when the Preacher approaches.

PREACHER
Hail sinner: come to the Oriental saloon to hear
the word of the Lord!

DOC
(brushing him off)
Sorry, preacher, I have to go somewhere.

PREACHER

Death awaits those who ignore the word of the Lord!

Doc moves past the Preacher, walking down the dusty street to Wyatt's house. He passes the whore house but doesn't look up.

He arrives at Wyatt's house, a plain pine-board structure, two stories high, the wood still green and unpainted. The front yard is dirty and grassless, with dust blowing in skirls in the breeze. About 200 yards beyond is the cemetery called Boot Hill, with crosses climbing a slope. Doc hears someone playing "Shenandoah" on a harmonica.

Wyatt comes out on the porch, as if he had been watching Doc's approach. Wyatt is hatless.

WYATT

You're early.

DOC

(deep hangover croak)

I feel like I slept in a prospector's sock.

WYATT

(smiling)

Can I get you a drink?

DOC

Get me a priest.

They walk around the house to the back, where the Earp family has gathered. A party is being prepared, with a rough barbecue pit in the center of the yard, and a table filling up with platters of food and bottles of multi-colored drink. Under the table, a mange-ridden dog has dug a hole and is lying in it, cooling his belly.

From Doc's POV, the Earps are a rowdy, motley assortment, the Snopeses of Tombstone. There are Wyatt's brothers: VIRGIL (a year younger), MORGAN (five years younger), and JAMES (older). When Doc arrives, James is in a hammock, playing the harmonica, and drink-

ing slowly from an anonymous dark-brown bottle. Virgil and Morgan are sparring. Around the food table are Wyatt's wife, MATTIE, a fleshy, full-lipped woman who appears to be older than Wyatt; ALLEY, who is Virgil's wife, a young, hard-faced, prim girl wearing a look of unconcealed disapproval; MARY EARP, who is the ripe, 16-year-old daughter of James Earp.

The scene has a kind of rowdy squalor to it, with the women slopping food onto trays, the men drinking hard, spitting, scratching themselves, and roughhousing. In one odd way, all the women look like mothers, and all the men look like sons.

WYATT

(loud, like a carnival barker)

Hold it everybody, here is the guest of honor. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. John Holliday!

(to Doc)

Welcome to Tombstone, John.

DOC

(embarrassed)

Er . . . uh . . . hello. Good to meet you.

WYATT

Wait here, John, I'll get you a drink.

Wyatt disappears into the house. The brothers all start shaking Doc's hand, and then Mattie comes over.

MATTIE

(softly, as if they had once had something together)

Hello, Doc.

DOC

(stiffly)

Hello, Mattie.

MATTIE

How's things in Dodge?

DOC
(with the ironic smile)
Real quiet since you left, Mattie.

MATTIE
(laughing)
Be serious.

Wyatt has returned with a drink. If there had been anything between Doc and Mattie, then Wyatt was never aware of it.

DOC
Thanks, Wyatt.
(to Mattie)
Dodge.
(thinking for the right words)
Well, Dodge just dried up. The rail head moved on, the cattle drivers moved with them, and one morning the money was gone. The town died. At least for the likes of us.

MATTIE
I'll never forget Dodge.

WYATT
Everything's moving West. California, that's the next place.

DOC
(to himself)
Yes. California. The sea . . .

James Earp's harmonica seems louder now. Mattie returns to the table where the food preparation is taking place. Morgan and Virgil are dancing, square-dance style, with each other. From the side of the house, Clum and Johnny Behan arrive, along with Clum's young apprentice. Wyatt greets them with an exaggerated warmth in the style of professional politicians.

WYATT
Well, well, Mr. Clum, Sheriff Behan, sure glad you could come. Mr. Clum, I'd like you to meet

my friend John Holliday. We cleaned up Dodge City together. John, Mr. Clum, owner of the Tombstone Epitaph, finest newspaper in the Southwest. It's sure gonna be tough runnin' against you, Sheriff.

Doc shakes hands all around. The other Earps stay in the background; it is obvious that they do not intrude in anything involving Wyatt unless Wyatt asks them to intrude. Behan is small and soft and pleasant. He eyes Doc, but talks to Wyatt.

BEHAN

It's months till the election, Wyatt.

WYATT

I know. But I believe in preparation, Sheriff.

CLUM

Wyatt, I don't see why you can't just stay marshall and Johnny here stay sheriff.

WYATT

Well, Mr. Clum, it's simple. I feel it's time for me to be settlin' down. A marshal's got a powerful lot of territory to cover. He's got to stay aloof from a lot of matters in his own community. I think Tombstone is the town of the future, and I'd like to put my roots down here, to spend all my days here, and not have to go traipsin' all over the territory with possees, spendin' weeks out of contact with my loved ones. I want to be sheriff because I believe in Tombstone.

BEHAN

That's just the way I feel, Marshal. I guess we'll let the people decide.

Mattie arrives with a trayload of drinks. Bartlett, the bartender from the Alhambra, has now arrived. Through all of the political talk, Doc has remained silent.

MATTIE

Can I get you something, Doc?

DOC

(handing her the empty glass)

Whiskey, please, Mattie.

(he winks)

While you're on your feet.

CLUM

(to Doc)

How long you plan to be in town, Mr. Holliday?

DOC

That's hard to tell. It depends if there's room for me here.

BEHAN

(also to Doc)

What do you plan to work at?

WYATT

Sheriff, are you here to meet Mr. Holliday, or to interrogate him? Hell, there's plenty of work for everybody.

Alley suddenly appears next to Wyatt. She has a look of permanent unhappiness on her face.

ALLEY

Wyatt, if we're having a party, we ought to have some games.

WYATT

(puzzled)

Games? What kind of games?

ALLEY

Oh, something wholesome. Like pin the tail on the donkey, that's always good fun.

Doc rolls his eyes up to heaven. He strolls away toward the fence, and notices two mules pulling a caisson carrying a coffin. It is heading towards Boot Hill.

ALLEY

(to Wyatt, as the others drift over to the food table, to escape the games)

Your friend Doc. He reminds me of death. I'd bet you anything he's got a cloven hoof.

WYATT

(watching Doc drift to the fence)

Let me tell you something, girl. John Holliday is one of my closest friends, no, my *closest* friend. In Dodge, he saved my life three times. So don't say anything cheap about him, girl. Ten years ago, the medical doctors told him he had two years to live. He's still here. And he's gonna be here a while.

ALLEY

Why do you like him so much, Wyatt?

WYATT

He's a man who keeps his contracts.

The day moves on. Doc remains aloof, while the others join in the festivities. Behan, Clum, the Apprentice, and Mary Earp play games, with Alley operating like a game-master. James Earp gets drunk and collapses, while Morgan and Virgil go through more roughhousing, practical jokes and noise. Doc watches, drinking steadily and without showing that the booze is affecting him. The images of food, drink, loudness move in and out of each other, in a flow that suggests that nothing here is serious, that the afternoon is concerned with feeding the face and the gut. After a while, Wyatt comes over to the fence to speak alone with Doc.

WYATT

(sipping whiskey)

What do you think of Behan?

DOC

It should be a piece of cake.

WYATT

It's hard to be sure. Some people would rather have a guy like him. Makes it simpler.

DOC

Just be careful. Don't make any big mistakes.

Doc is leaning on the fence, staring out towards Boot Hill. Wyatt has his back to Boot Hill, looking in at the party, with his elbows on the fence. There is a pause filled by the noise of the party.

WYATT

You like that Katy Elder, John?

DOC

(cold)

I can't afford to like her.

A beat, as Doc drains his whiskey, pursing his lips bitterly.

WYATT

(nostalgically)

I guess Dodge was the best time of all, wasn't it, John?

DOC

(not really agreeing)

I don't know . . .

WYATT

(insisting)

No wives, no hobbies, no plain clothes nuns askin' a man to play fool games. Things were lots simpler then.

DOC

Dodge is gone, Wyatt. Time moves.

WYATT

(not agreeing)

Huh.

Silence for two beats. Doc is still staring out in front of him.

DOC

Who did they bury this afternoon?

WYATT

Oh, up in Boot Hill? Some Mex. Got his ass shot off in the whorehouse last night by some other Mex. Guy that did it's probably halfway to Sonora now.

DOC

You know something.

WYATT

What's that?

DOC

There's 237 crosses in that cemetery.

Suddenly Wyatt throws his glass down, and rushes through the yard to the passageway at the side of the house. He grabs his wife Mattie by the arm and slaps her hard in the face. She reels away, humiliated and stunned, as Virgil looks on, afraid.

WYATT

(picking up cigarette which his wife has dropped)

Tobacco!

VIRGIL

(trembling)

It was oney a joke, Wyatt. Oney a joke.

WYATT

No woman of mine will traffic in tobacco! It ain't a joke. Try that again, Virge, and you'll be sorry.

Mattie vanishes into the house. James Earp is awake now, and starts playing the fiddle with great industry. The embarrassed guests try to go back to partying, self-consciously. Only Alley wears a satisfied look.

Doc walks across the yard, drops his glass on a table, and adjusts his hat.

DOC

I have to leave, Wyatt.

WYATT

Come on, John. You're the guest of honor. This is your welcome-to-Tombstone party. You can't leave till the whiskey's gone. Besides, I want you to talk with Bartlett about the gambling concession at the Alhambra.

DOC

(slightly angry)

Thanks, Wyatt. I'll talk to him tonight. I've got to go.

Doc slaps Wyatt carelessly on the arm. Wyatt puts his arm around Doc.

WYATT

It'll be like old times around here, John. Like Dodge.

ALLEY

(watching them from a distance, to herself, ambiguously)

A cloven hoof . . .

EXT: MAIN STREET TOMBSTONE—NIGHT

We are in a side street on the far end of town. A door cracks open, and we see Doc. A squat Chinese is with him. Beyond we see a pale blue fog.

CHINESE

Good night, sir.

DOC

(his eyes glassy, but the voice self-mocking)

Good night, Wong. One of your pipes really does bring a man closer to what we retired Christians laughingly refer to as God.

WONG

Go with God, as Messicans say.

Doc leaves the opium den, emerges on the main street, and starts walking towards the saloons in the distance. His gait is steady, but the eyes retain the glaze.

Then from the shadows, a voice. The Kid.

KID
(loud whisper)
Mr. Holliday!

Doc whirls, the gun out, hammer cocked, bent over in gunfighter's stance, all done in what seems like a fraction of a second.

KID
(frightened)
It's me, Mr. Holliday. Ted McLowery.

DOC
(straightening up, putting pistol in holster)
For Christ's sake, Kid. Don't ever call a man from the dark like that unless you're gonna kill him.

KID
But I can't let anyone see me talkin' to you. My brothers would go crazy.

DOC
What the hell for? It's a free country.

KID
They think Wyatt Earp brought you into town to kill them.

DOC
Listen, sonny, go tell your brothers that Doc Holliday is a gambler. In Tombstone to make money from suckers. I'm not a gunfighter.

KID
They don't think so.

DOC
(starting to leave)
I don't care what they think, sonny.

KID

But there's gonna be trouble, Mr. Holliday, sure as we're standin' here. Wyatt don't like us. I ain't never been sure why. I guess because Ike don't show no real respect for him. But anyway, there's gonna be real bad trouble. And that's why I came lookin' for you, Mr. Holliday.

DOC

What the hell for?

KID

I want you to learn me how to shoot.

DOC

(quietly, but without much real conviction)

Forget it, kid. Guns don't do you any good. Believe me. Go get yourself a job. Join up with some big Texas outfit, make a fortune, get yourself a place on your own. Get some schooling. Forget guns.

KID

I might be dead before I get to do any of those things, Mr. Holliday. My brothers still think I'm a kid, fit just for chores, for choppin' wood, for chasin' strays. But I'm not a kid, Mr. Holliday. If my brothers won't teach me nothin', I thought maybe you would.

DOC

In other words, kid, and let me get this straight: in other words, I should teach you how to shoot so that if there's trouble you can shoot Marshal Earp better. Or me.

KID

(shocked at the implication)

Oh, no, Mr. Holliday. I would never shoot *you*.

DOC

(a flicker of a smile on his face, re-

signed, wanting to get rid of the kid,
and in a small way, flattered)

Okay, kid. Come around the hotel some afternoon late.

Doc starts to leave again, and once more The Kid stops him.

KID

Oh, one more thing, Mr. Holliday.

DOC

What's that, kid?

KID

Are you in love with Miss Elder?

DOC

(slapping The Kid's arm in a fatherly manner)

Good night, kid.

Doc walks down the street towards the Alhambra. Music and noise gets louder as he approaches. The glaze is beginning to go off his eyes. As he gets to the door, Kate is leaving with cowboy. She is drunk. She stops when she sees Doc.

KATE

Hi, dude. Want to dance?

Doc goes past her, wordlessly, into the saloon.

We follow Kate as she drifts into the night, and then notice Wyatt, across the street, standing ominously in the shadows.

EXT: DESERT—DAY

Tremendous volley of gunshots, and camera pulls back to reveal Doc and the Kid, out among saguaro cactus, with Doc firing his pistol.

DOC

All right, try it again, kid.

The Kid swallows nervously. He walks, wheels, pulls the gun out, and fires awkwardly at a handkerchief nailed to a cactus. He hits it once in the six-shot volley.

DOC

No, no. You'd be dead by now. Look, you have to *pivot* on the left foot, pushing against the ground with the right. Watch me.

Doc does it again. He walks, pushes against the ground with the right foot, pivoting on the left and takes the pistol out in one fluid motion, fanning the hammer. The six shots slam into the cloth.

DOC

Try it again.

This time The Kid does it perfectly. The handkerchief is shredded. The Kid is beaming.

DOC

Now, that's better. Let's come back another time.

Doc goes to saddle bag, takes out pint, takes long swallow. Coughs slightly, takes another swallow.

DOC

I feel like a goddamned school teacher.

THE KID

Who taught *you,* Mr. Holliday?

DOC

(after a pause, then reflectively)

My daddy. He wasn't a gunfighter though. He was a colonel in the Civil War and he knew more about guns and armies than any man I ever knew. Just didn't know much about life, was all.

THE KID

(after pondering this, while both saddle up)

Is . . . he still alive, now?

DOC

No. The war killed him. Not in a battle. Nothing like that. It wasn't any melodrama. He went off to the war, gave it his all, and lost. When he came home, everything he had was gone. Including me.

THE KID

Where did you go?

DOC

Oh, Richmond first. Then Baltimore. My mother sent me up there after the war. Gonna make me a doctor, an educated man. I studied dentistry there.

They're riding slowly, easily, through the desert now.

DOC

Then they told me to come West. The doctors. Dallas, Fort Griffin, Dodge, I've been to all of them, kid.

THE KID

You ever go home?

DOC

(smiling ironically)

Every night.

They are within sight of Tombstone now.

DOC

Well, you better get back up to that ranch, or whatever it is you Clantons and McLowerys live on.

THE KID

I'll see you soon, Mr. Holliday. And

(warmly)

thanks.

DOC

So long, kid.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—DAY

Three drunken cowboys are singing as they leave the Alhambra and start for the Oriental.

Doc rides into town. The town is in its mid-week turmoil, crowded and dirty.

Wyatt sees the cowboys from the other end of the street. He approaches them on foot.

Doc dismounts at Dunbar's livery stable at the OK Corral. He walks the horse over to DUNBAR, who is sitting on a wooden box in the shade.

DOC

What do I owe you, Mr. Dunbar?

DUNBAR

Five dollars.

DOC

Prices goin' up, ain't they?

DUNBAR

It can't last.

DOC

Nothing does.

Doc takes a wad from his pocket, and peels off the five. We notice that he has earned a considerable amount of money since arriving in Tombstone. He lights a cheroot, and walks back to the street.

The first thing he sees is Wyatt standing over one of the drunken cowboys, ready to beat him again with the revolver butt. The cowboy is bleeding from the head.

WYATT

We're gonna have some law and order around here, saddle scum. You just can't go aroun' this town drunk.

Wyatt turns and smacks the Second Cowboy with the gun butt, and the guy falls with his jaw hanging loose and broken. A crowd is watching in silence.

WYATT
(to the Third Cowboy)
Now you, takes these two snakes and get them the hell out of town. If I see you in this town again, you'll go out of it in boxes.

Wyatt jams the gun back in his holster and walks self-righteously to the Alhambra, across the street. Doc, who has watched it all, is waiting at the door.

DOC
What's gotten into you, Wyatt?

WYATT
What do you mean?

DOC
(disgusted)
I remember you when you picked on men who could fight back.

Wyatt stares hard at him, with something mean coming over his face. We hold on the look as Doc turns and goes into the saloon.

Then the Clantons come down the main drag. Wyatt steps forward for closer look, leaning on a porch post.

They stop at the General Store, all dismount and go in. Wyatt crosses after them, and walks in.

IKE CLANTON
(to Shopkeeper)
Better make it 200 rounds.

WYATT
Goin' huntin', Ike?

IKE CLANTON
Make it 300 rounds.

BILLY CLANTON
Look marshal, we didn't come in here to make trouble. We just need some provisions.

WYATT

Just make it quick.

They pay for the ammunition and start to leave. Wyatt blocks the door as Ike Clanton gets there.

IKE CLANTON

(sarcastic)

Ex-cuse me, Marshal.

WYATT

Don't try me, Ike.

IKE CLANTON

Excuse me.

He goes past Earp into the street. As they load the ammo into saddle bags, Ike turns to his brother, in a muffled voice:

IKE CLANTON

One of these days, we gone have to try Mr. Earp.

BILLY CLANTON

Yeah.

They ride off.

INT: DOC'S ROOM AT CONTINENTAL HOTEL—NIGHT

Doc lies awake in the darkness. Drinking, staring at the ceiling. We hear bugs thumping against the window. Distant murmur of the town.

He dresses slowly, and then away off, hears the sound of the waltz. The music underlines what he has been thinking. He takes a coin, thinking hard, flips it, it comes up heads.

DOC

(to himself)

That figures. Even when you win, you lose.

But he is dressing quickly now, and goes down to the

street. The sound from the Alhambra is much louder now. But Doc does not go to the Alhambra. He turns and walks the other way, to the whore house. His face is now very hard and determined.

He pushes open whore house door. Three whores sit on seedy couches in the parlor. There is cheap wallpaper on the walls and a tinted picture of the Swiss lakes. We have seen the girls before. They seem listless, and one is quite drunk.

DOC
(roaring)
Where's Kate!

The girls raise their eyebrows and shrug.

DOC
Where the hell is Kate?

DRUNK WHORE
Quiet, quiet, you wake up the dead.

SECOND WHORE
(jerking a thumb upstairs)
She's workin'.

Doc goes past them, opens a door leading into a long hall. Stairs run to a second floor. He goes up the stairs.

DOC
Kate! Katie Elder!

There is no reply. He opens one door, where the whore with the gold teeth is struggling joyously under the Fat Mexican dancer. He opens another door, and a gaunt, flat-faced girl looks up, while a naked cowboy wearing only socks covers himself with a towel.

NAKED COWBOY
Hey!

DOC
Sorry.

There is one more door. Doc hammers on it with his fist, then steps back and kicks it open.

Kate is naked to the waist, lying on the bed with her head propped on her hand, like the Duchess of Alba. Lying beside her, quite unconscious, in long johns, with a dead cigar butt jammed in his mouth, is one of the grizzled middle-aged prospectors who watched Kate walk down the street the day she arrived.

KATE

That'll be four dollars for the lock, dude.

Doc grabs her roughly by the hand and pulls her off the bed.

DOC

Come on.

Doc is pulling her behind him, in long rapid strides. From behind the closed door, we hear the gold-toothed whore screaming in Spanish for her mother, and Kate shouting:

KATE

Your head's gone, Doc! Too much a that goddamned whiskey! You gone crazy.

Doc drags her down the stairs. The drunk whore has vomited on herself, and sits with eyes closed. The two others just stare ahead. Doc heads right for the street.

KATE

Doc! I ain't got no clothes on, goddam it. I can't go out in the goddam *street* with my boobs hangin' out!

Doc isn't listening. As they reach the street, Kate grabs Doc's hat and covers her breasts as best she can.

They go up the street. Clum, in the newspaper office, drops a tray of type. Two singing cowboys stop in midverse. From behind them, they can hear the gold-toothed whore yelling:

GOLD-TOOTHED WHORE
Hey, Katy, I'm gonna tell your mother!

Now Doc storms into the lobby of the Continental. It's almost empty. A guy in Eastern clothes looks up from a paper, startled. The room clerk starts to protest:

ROOM CLERK
Mr. Holliday, this is highly irregular . . .

DOC
Shut up or I'll kill you.

He goes up to the room, still dragging Kate, opens the door, and throws her on the bed. She looks up at Doc as if she really believes that he has gone mad.

DOC
Now you stay here until I get back from work. There's a bottle. There's a newspaper. There's an oil lamp. Don't move.

KATE
What the hell *is* this?

Doc puts his hat back on.

DOC
You're off the line, Kate. I just retired you.

Doc closes the door, and locks it from the outside. Inside, Kate stares at the door for a beat.

KATE
(to the door)
You beautiful crazy son of a bitch . . .

EXT: MAIN STREET TOMBSTONE—DAY

It is about nine in the morning. Streets not yet completely filled up. Doc walks briskly, carrying packages.

INT: DOC'S ROOM—DAY

Doc lets himself in. Kate is asleep, face down in the pillow.

DOC

(slamming door, dumping packages, assuming mock flourish in voice and gesture)

Up, woman! Arise!

KATE

(mumbling)

Go away . . .

Doc runs a finger along her bare foot. She pulls the foot away. He does it again. Then he runs his fingers along her back. She moves. Then he leans close, and puts his tongue in her ear.

KATE

(waking up)

Oo, that's nice . . .

DOC

(standing)

Get up, woman, the day is wasting.

Kate sits up, blowsy and beautiful in the morning light, her face bunched in a pout. Doc selects one package.

DOC

Put this on.

KATE

What is it?

DOC

What is it? It's a bloody bear trap. It's a bowl of soup. It's a painting of the Last Supper.

KATE

(feeling foolish)

I'm sorry . . .

She opens the package. It's a white gown. She holds it tenderly, feeling the texture of the material, holding it against her face.

KATE

I need a bath first.

DOC

Last door on the end. And hurry, we've got somewhere to go, and I haven't been to sleep yet.

She gets up, holding the gown to her face again, and then kisses Doc on the cheek with affection.

KATE

(very tenderly)

Thanks, Doc.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—DAY

Doc and Kate walk together down the main street. She has her arm in his, and in the white gown looks younger and prettier than we have yet seen her. Doc is carrying the packages, and one battered suitcase. They suddenly come upon Wyatt.

WYATT

Goin' dancin', John?

DOC

Good morning, Wyatt.

Kate is silent. Doc appears not to want to talk much.

WYATT

Can I give you a hand?

DOC

We can manage.

WYATT

(grabbing the suitcase)

Aw, come on. I'll carry this. You settin' up housekeeping, Miz Elder?

DOC

We are.

WYATT

(with stupid insistence)

Together?

KATE

(speaking for first time, and sharply)

I don't see where it's none of your business, marshal.

WYATT

(sarcastic wonder in his voice)

Doc Holliday, settin' up *house*keepin'?

DOC

(taking the suitcase back from Earp)

See you tonight, Wyatt.

WYATT

(brooding)

Yeah, I'll see you, John.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—ADOBE HOUSE—DAY

Doc stops in front of adobe house on edge of town. It is a new house, low, flat-roofed, like several other houses of similar design nearby. A MEXICAN BOY comes from the side and stands looking at them. Doc drops the suitcase and packages and puts hands on hips.

DOC

There it is.

KATE

The territorial prison in Yuma wouldn't suit us better.

DOC

A man's home is his castle.

KATE

(sarcastic, but pleased)

Shit.

Then suddenly Kate is behind Doc, lifting him. She kicks open the door.

DOC

Stop, you crazy bitch! Suppose someone sees us!

The Mexican kid is watching all along, growing wide-eyes in amazement at the crazy gringoes.

Then they are in the house. It is dark and cool. There is a small sheetless bed against one wall, a square table and two chairs, and a stove. Kate lets Doc slide into a standing position as she looks around the one-room house.

KATE

It's . . . uh . . . nice.

DOC

(walking in and pacing around)

You don't have to lie. It's not so nice. But I got it cheap, and we can fix it up I guess. What the hell, it's better than that cell at the Continental.

KATE

When do I start poundin' tortillas?

DOC

Hell, Kate, you don't have to do that. You gotta be better off here than in the doss house.

KATE

Yeah. But what do we *do* here?

DOC

(pondering)

Christ, I don't know.

(beat)

Well, maybe you could *cook* something . . .

KATE

(her face baffled)

Cook? *Cook*?

DOC

(opening the other packages with excitement, pulling out pots and pans and foodstuffs)

Look, here's pots. A frying pan. Salt beef. Potatoes. Eggs. A side of bacon. Some knives and forks. That's it! You could *cook!*

KATE
(as if speaking a foreign language)
Cook?

DOC
(exasperated)
You know. You put the eggs in the grease. You boil the water. You slice the potato.

KATE
Allright, then, what do you want for breakfast, dude?

DOC
I never eat breakfast, Kate. I got to get some sleep.

KATE
How about lunch?

DOC
Yeah. Wake me when it's ready.

Doc strips off boots, shirt and lies on the cot in his trousers. No sheets. He falls immediately to sleep.

KATE
(to sleeping Doc)
You ast for it.

We see Kate take off the white dress, hang it carefully over a chair. Then she starts looking at the pots, pans, and foodstuffs. Several hours pass, and the place is steaming with heat. Kate's hair is matted and hanging loose, and she is stirring something in a pot, something that must be quite thick judging by the force of her exertions. She looks into the pot, hands on hips, disgusted.

Then she starts ladling it out on a plate. She wakes up Doc.

KATE
Up, bones, Get up.

DOC
(suddenly awake)

Oh.

He gets up and walks over to the table. Kate puts the plate of steaming miscellany in front of him.

KATE

Here!

DOC
(squinting, his mouth uneasy)

What the hell is it?

KATE

How should I know?

DOC

You cooked it!

KATE
(smiling)

That's right.

DOC

Aren't you having any?

KATE

You think I'm crazy?

Doc takes a small amount on his fork, tastes it, starts to gag and spits it out on the floor.

DOC

It tastes like you cooked it in sewage!

Kate is laughing at him. Doc tries once again, can't swallow whatever it is, and then with great dignity, he gets up, takes the plate, and the pot from the stove, opens the door and throws both into the street.

KATE

Doc! We don't have another big pot!

DOC

We'll get another one later.

KATE

Much later.

He looks at her, as disheveled and messy as the first time he saw her. Then he smiles slowly at her.

DOC

We'll have to buy a bath tub too.

KATE

I'll wash. You dry.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—LATE AFTERNOON

Wyatt, two men from Wells Fargo and Clum are standing in front of the Wells Fargo office. The streets are thick with people, horses, mules. The men are obviously waiting for something. Wyatt takes a watch from his watch pocket.

WYATT

(looking at watch)

Twenty after four.

WELLS FARGO MAN

That's two hours and ten minutes late.

CLUM

Might be Indians got it.

WYATT

No. Not Indians.

WELLS FARGO MAN

(sweating)

There's $80,000 in gold on board her.

CLUM

And two human beings.

WYATT

We might have to go after her.

There is a stir in the street. Some people move out of the way, others start running toward the OK Corral. A stage coach, with a froth-mouthed team of horses, is careening

wildly through the town. On the driver's platform the body of a man sprawls grotesquely, his eyes open to the harsh sun. One door of the stage coach flaps open, slapping open and shut to the rhythm of the ride. Inside, we can see the crumpled pile of another man's body. There are gaping holes in the carriage itself.

WELLS FARGO MAN

The gold! It's gone! The gold is gone!

Wyatt doesn't wait to investigate the coach itself. He goes into Dunbar's livery stable, and emerges on horseback, with an empty horse on a rein behind him. He rides hard down the main street, scattering people and frightening horses.

He pulls up in front of Doc's house. In the next yard, we see an impassive Mexican cooking something over a charcoal fire in the discarded pot. The Mexican kid sits beside her.

Wyatt raps on Doc's door.

WYATT

John!

KATE'S VOICE

Who is it?

WYATT

It's Wyatt.

KATE

Doc's asleep.

WYATT
(barking order)

Well, goddamit, wake him up!

INT: DOC'S ADOBE HOUSE.

Doc is awake.

KATE

It's your big brave friend.

DOC
(pulling on shirt and boots)
Hold it, Wyatt. Hold it.

WYATT'S VOICE
Hurry up.

EXT: DOC'S ADOBE HOUSE.

DOC
(easily)
What's the matter, Wyatt?

WYATT
(agitated)
Someone held up the Wells Fargo stage. About two hours ago. They got $80,000. Could be them goddamned Clantons.

DOC
(smiling ironically)
Good for them.

WYATT
It's not funny, John. That's in my territory. I want you to help me go after them.

DOC
(turning away)
Come on, Wyatt, I'm too old for all that. I got the concession at the Alhambra to worry about. I can't see hauling my ass all over the country. I got too many things to do. Easier things.

WYATT
(softly)
You got to help me, John. I can't trust any of these other people.

Once again, Doc finds himself doing something he doesn't really want to do. He shrugs, and starts to go inside.

DOC
(over his shoulder)
You got guns, grub, a horse?

WYATT

Of course.

KATE

(who has been listening)

Doc. Don't go.

DOC

(to Kate)

I've got to go, Kate.

KATE

You don't have to do nothin' you don't *want* to do, Doc.

DOC

(peeling off a wad of bills, talking intimately to her)

I'll be back as fast as I can, Kate. This will hold you. Get some grub in. And sheets, and things like that.

KATE

(very quietly)

Please, Doc.

DOC

(strapping on gunbelt)

I've got to. He's my friend.

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE—DUSK

Doc and Wyatt are riding through flat country, tall and hard-looking men now, doing what they have done before. The skies are the color of a bruise, and the mountains are rising, mauve and fierce, in the distance. There is a rough road, and they follow it. Then, in the distance, they see a dark object beside a cactus. It is the cash box, open, its lock smashed by gunfire.

WYATT

Well, this is the place.

He dismounts, examines the box, looks at the disturbed ground. Doc remains mounted; in the country, it is Wyatt

who knows where to go and what to look for; Doc only provides a gun.

WYATT

There's tracks leading east. Sure as hell. Right to the Clanton spread.

DOC

Come on, Wyatt. Why would Clanton stick up a stage coach? He runs a ranch. He has money.

WYATT

(mounting the horse)

John, I do think you're getting dumber as you get older. Listen: Clanton and McLowery have spreads right near each other. But they got practically no open range, they don't farm anything. Yet they always got cattle to drive up to Fort Griffin and Wichita. They do most of their cash cattle business in Bisbee and Tucson, but most of their spendin' in Tombstone. Now how does that all figure?

DOC

(as they ride east)

Oh, they like our hospitality. They like peace and quiet. They like our splendid church. They're devoted to opera and the arts.

WYATT

(ignoring Doc's sarcasm)

It's simple. They been doin' business with stolen cattle. They collect an outfit of drifters and scum, and head down into Sonora and cut off 30, 40 head, and bring them back to their place. The Mexicans can't come up lookin' for them, so they wait awhile, change brands, then go to market. All the scum of the West end up in their place. Drinkers, killers, rustlers. The worst.

DOC
(ironically)
Bad people, huh?

WYATT
(grim)
Bad people.

They travel on. The landscape is spectacular. Wyatt doesn't seem to be following any particular trail. Doc doesn't seem to care.

They come to a rise, with mountains and valleys rolling off forever.

WYATT
We can't make Clanton's tonight. Let's camp here.

They dismount. Doc looks weary and distracted, as he goes through the routine of removing saddles. Wyatt starts a fire. Doc stretches his legs as he sits down to lean against the saddle. His face is red from the sun.

Wyatt seems more at home here, the outdoorsman who can start a fire from kindling, who cooks rough masculine food with ease. Wyatt produces a small harmonica, and starts playing a mournful trail song. There are no other sounds except the crackling of the burning wood. The fire locks Doc and Wyatt into a tight circle of intimacy.

WYATT
(cutting off the music)
Why'd you move in with that slut, John?

DOC
She's not a slut.

WYATT
(dead serious)
What the hell is she then? She's worked in every chancre-mill in the West.

DOC

(not looking at Wyatt, and not raising the talk into argument)

Kate Elder is just another poor voyager, like the rest of us.

WYATT

(not understanding at all what Doc is saying)

You know, John, you don't sound like the same man anymore, by God. You're not the man I knew in Dodge.

DOC

(chuckling drily, at some private black joke)

I'm two years closer to the grave.

WYATT

Ah, c'mon. Don't talk like that . . .

Wyatt plays the harmonica again, slowly, mournfully, watching Doc, thinking.

WYATT

(stops playing)

You know, John, this sounds peculiar, I admit. But what would you think if I was to say that maybe the whole thing between men and women ain't really normal?

Doc turns to look at Wyatt, who comes closer, squatting on his haunches.

WYATT

I'm serious, John. I mean that, you know. I don't want to sound like a nance, but you know, marriage and settling down and kids, all of that, it's just too complicated. A man should be free.

DOC

(quietly)

Men get older.

DOC

(not looking at Wyatt, and not raising the talk into argument)

Kate Elder is just another poor voyager, like the rest of us.

WYATT

(not understanding at all what Doc is saying)

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DOC

(quietly)

Men get older.

WYATT

Goddamit. They shouldn't. They should be free.

There is a pause. Doc does not want to pursue the matter.

WYATT

(persisting)

What I'm tryin' to say, John, is that maybe men love each other better than men love women, or vice-a-versa.

DOC

Well, maybe . . .

WYATT

And maybe you an' me oughtta keep on goin'!.

DOC

(sitting up straight)

You mean, not go back to Tombstone?

WYATT

(excited)

Exactly. Just keep goin'. Pull up stakes. Go out to California. They're pullin' gold out of the earth out there. The railroad's changin' it all. There's no more frontier, John. That's the future out there.

DOC

(almost to himself)

It would be nice to look at the sea.

WYATT

Yeah. No more dusty trail towns. We could buy a ranch, or a big farm, and raise horses and sheep or something.

DOC

You can't do that, Wyatt. You have a wife, responsibilities.

WYATT

(bitterly)

To hell with them.

DOC

(gently, not patronizing)

It's too late for moving on.

WYATT

Why?

DOC

(gently still, but with passion and resignation)

Because you and I and all the rest of us out here have become what we are. Maybe we didn't start out to be what we became. I know I didn't. But here we are. We're locked in. I'm a gambler. You're a peace officer. We've both killed people. Neither one of us will ever become sheepherders or ranchers or farmers. We are what we are.

WYATT

(depressed)

It ain't fair.

Doc is leaning back, his head on the saddle again, staring at the billion stars spread out against the sky, reflective.

DOC

(almost to himself)

Besides. I can't go anywhere. I'm dying.

EXT: CLANTON SPREAD—DAY

One main building on a dusty knoll, overlooking flat country. There is no bunkhouse. The ground is loose, with dust blowing everywhere. Over on the right is a corral, with horses.. Chickens run across the yard, and a few scrawny trees remain. Up behind the house there is good timber. Four cowboys sit on the porch, with long hair, greasy clothes, drinking from a common bottle. One gnaws on a chicken leg. Two riders pull up in a wild cloud of dust. They are Frank McLowery and The Kid. McLowery dismounts and runs into the house. The Kid dismounts, but remains outside.

Then Ike Clanton emerges. He is shirtless, with a hard, solid torso. He is unshaven, and a small plaster remains on his head where Wyatt had beaten him. He kicks distractedly at one of the cowboys on the porch.

COWBOY

What you do that for, Ike?

IKE CLANTON

(snarling)

Cause you're alive.

Ike walks in a fury to the corral on the right, with McLowery and The Kid hanging back. Billy Clanton is sitting on the corral fence, whittling.

IKE CLANTON

(roaring)

Where's Ringo? Where is that half-breed son of a bitch Ringo?

BILLY CLANTON

(blandly)

Ain't seen him for a couple of days. Might be down the valley with the herd. Why?

IKE CLANTON

Cause someone stuck up the Wells Fargo stage, that's why. For $80,000, that's why. Cause sure as shit the law will be out here lookin' for *us,* that's why.

BILLY CLANTON

That's a lot of why.

IKE CLANTON

(more moderate, thinking)

It must of been Ringo.

BILLY CLANTON

If it was, he's likely past Sonora now.

IKE CLANTON

(thinking)

No, if I know Ringo, he's somewhere around

here, probably on the spread. He'll hide till the heat's off. He'll figure the lawmen all went to Sonora, or the border, lookin' for him. We better find him. Before they come after *us.*

BILLY CLANTON
(looking past Ike)
Here come your visitors.

Ike Clanton turns and sees Doc and Wyatt coming towards the ranch, from the direction opposite that taken by McLowery and The Kid. They are approaching slowly, quite deliberately. Wyatt is leading, with Doc to Wyatt's right, a few feet behind. Doc looks sinister, coiled to strike like a snake. Wyatt is casual.

DOC
(tense)
I don't like the odds.

WYATT
How many'd you count?

DOC
Seven, counting Ike. But only Ike is there now.

WYATT
I counted eight.

DOC
I don't think we should go in, Wyatt. The odds just aren't right.

WYATT
(blustering)
Come on, we been through worst than this together.

In a burst of temper, Wyatt spurs his horse and rides directly into the dusty yard in front of the Clanton house. Doc moves his horse a little faster, but is much more cautious than Wyatt. From his position, he comes up the trail, to the lip of the knoll, and then looks down about forty feet. The house now seems set in an amphitheater.

Ike Clanton, still shirtless but packing a revolver, is alone, on foot, facing Earp as Earp comes charging in. Clanton is charged up, giving off an aura of tremendous animal vitality.

Doc is now about twenty feet behind Wyatt. We notice now that Doc has a carbine hanging loose on the saddle.

IKE CLANTON

I'm gonna give you fair warning, Earp. Get off my ranch.

WYATT

I ain't goin' nowhere, Ike, till I get the Wells Fargo gold and the man who stole it.

Ike Clanton is strolling back and forth, swaggering and confident.

IKE CLANTON

Let's get this straight, Earp. Nobody here had anything to do with that stage. We're ranchers, not holdup men. We don't steal money.

WYATT

You're a liar.

IKE CLANTON

(very deliberately)

Get off that horse.

Wyatt starts to reach for his pistol, when a shot rings out, exploding the dust before him. His horse rears and whinnies, and Doc whirls to look behind him. Bill Clanton is standing on the porch of the house, carbine in hand. The Kid is on the roof. Frank McLowery emerges from the timber at the left. Two of the cowboys are behind Doc. Another is in the corral. All are holding rifles. Doc and Wyatt are trapped. Doc keeps his hands on the reins.

Clanton walks over to Wyatt, takes his gun from the holster and throws it to one of the cowboys. Then, vio-

lently, he grabs Wyatt's belt and yanks him to the ground kicking him brutally as he lands.

IKE CLANTON
Now, Mr. Tough Guy, I'm gonna try you.

Wyatt gets to his feet, feeling naked without a pistol. Clanton removes his own pistol and throws it over to the porch, and they begin a brutal fight.

Wyatt charges, bull-like, his whole style an attempt to overcome by sheer strength. But Clanton can fight. He avoids the rush and hits Wyatt in the face.

Wyatt holds his face in pain, and Clanton bends to his left and throws a vicious hook to Wyatt's side. Wyatt is frozen for a moment, in pain, and then throws a right hand. Again, Clanton slides under the right hand, and throws a left-hook, right-hand combination. Wyatt's face is bleeding now, with a slice under the eye, and a trickle from the nose. Clanton dances away a few steps, his hands held high, his body pumping adrenalin.

IKE CLANTON
(taunting)
The big man. Big brave Wyatt Earp from Dodge City. You ain't so big without that gun, are you marshal? You ain't *shit!*

Clanton moves in again. Wyatt seems hapless. Clanton rips off two vicious right hands, and Wyatt staggers backwards. Then a left hook, deep into the belly.

WYATT
(bleeding from the mouth, and nauseous, waving his hand limply)
Enough, Ike, I . . .

IKE CLANTON
(his eyes wild, lips drawn tight)
Enough? Enough? I'm just startin', Earp!
(savoring Earp's humiliation)
I knew you had a streak of mutton in you, and I found it.

Clanton moves in to finish Wyatt off. A left hook to the head, a right hand to the heart, a left hook to the testicles, and Wyatt is down, his face in the dust. He lifts his head again, his eyes closing, the face masked in blood, and shaking the head "no," he waves again for Ike Clanton to stop. Ike walks over, and kicks him in the head.

Through all of this Doc has been sitting impassively on the horse. Once he exchanges glances with The Kid, who shrugs apologetically. There are cuts of the reactions of all the others to the beating Clanton is giving Earp. Now, with Wyatt face down in the dirt, Doc moves the horse forward.

DOC
(quietly)
That's enough, Ike.

IKE CLANTON
(loud, but not roaring)
You stay out of this, Holliday. It's between him and me.

DOC
I know. You won.

IKE CLANTON
I ain't finished.

DOC
Yeah. But he is.

Doc dismounts, and goes over to Wyatt. The adrenalin seems to be going out of Clanton now. One of the cowboys comes over with a bottle, and Clanton takes a long swallow.

IKE CLANTON
(to Doc)
Get him out of here.

Doc turns Wyatt over. Wyatt's face is bleary with pain, covered with a red mud made of dust and blood. His voice is a pained croak.

WYATT

John . . . I . . .

DOC

(sadly)

Come on, old gunfighter, we're goin' home.

EXT: STREAM—LATE AFTERNOON

Leaves, foliage, the sound of water playing across smooth stones. CAMERA APPROACHES to find Doc and Wyatt at the edge of the stream, Wyatt stretched out, while Doc works on his face. The horses are off to the side, drinking from the stream. Wyatt is conscious, but his face is a mess. The slice under the eye is raw, one cheekbone is scraped from the kick, and his left eye is slammed shut and purple. The big body shivers when Doc touches his face with a damp cloth. Wyatt's voice is croaking still, and very low.

WYATT

He never gave me a chance.

DOC

Quiet.

WYATT

Just never gave me a chance.

DOC

(lightly)

Maybe he was just too much fighter for you, Wyatt.

WYATT

Next time . . .

DOC

Forget about next time. Leave it alone . . .

WYATT

I can't leave it alone.

DOC

(his face darkening, knowing that this is only one act in an unfolding series)

No. I guess you can't . . .

Wyatt sits up slowly, painfully. He touches his swollen face and battered mouth. And then, suddenly, he is sobbing, the big body heaving, as the pain and the humiliation floods through him, in wave after wave, and he turns to Doc and puts the bruised and beaten head against Doc's chest, all the while sobbing loosely like a boy.

WYATT

Oh, John. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Doc puts his arm around Wyatt, holding him tightly, soothing him, saying the meaningless words that might provide his friend some solace.

DOC

Don't you worry, Wyatt. You'll be all right. Just don't you worry.

EXT: WYATT'S HOUSE—NIGHT

Several days have passed. Doc and Wyatt come up to the house slowly, furtively, with Wyatt's body slouched in an attitude of defeat. We can see Wyatt's face: it is almost healed, though the color is still bad. At the sound of the horses, Virgil, Morgan and Mattie come out on the porch.

VIRGIL

(loud)

Where the hell you been, brother? We thought you was bushwhacked.

MATTIE

(worried face still)

We was all worried sick. We prayed and prayed . . .

WYATT

We went lookin'. We didn't find them.

VIRGIL

Well, gah-dam, Wyatt, we're glad you're back. Wells Fargo done offered a $20,000 reward for the hold-up men.

WYATT

$20,000?

VIRGIL

$20,000.

MORGAN

(coming up close to Wyatt)

Gah-dam, brother! What the hell happened to your face?

WYATT

(with warning look to Doc)

Took a bad fall up in the canyons.

(changing subject)

Mattie, go in and rustle up some grub, dear.

Mattie nods and goes inside. Morgan follows her, while Wyatt dismounts. Doc is still hanging back. Wyatt strolls over to talk to him, out of earshot of Virgil, who begins to strip Wyatt's horse.

WYATT

(to Doc)

You're welcome to stay.

Doc shrugs.

WYATT

We can still pull out, John. $20,000 would make a big grubstake.

DOC

I can't go.

WYATT

Why.

DOC

Kate.

Doc turns his horse, waves goodbye, and starts off through the town.

Mattie shouts from inside the house that the grub is ready. Wyatt stands in the yard for a long moment, thinking.

WYATT

Virge?

VIRGIL

Yeah?

WYATT

Ike Clanton in town?

VIRGIL

Down the Alhambra. Right this minute.

WYATT

Ask him if he can see me. Tell him not to worry. Tell him I want to make a deal.

VIRGIL

(surprised)

What kind of deal?

WYATT

(slowly, methodically, his mouth doing most of the thinking)

I don't think Clanton stuck up the stage. So it must have been Ringo. Now Ringo wouldn't be dumb enough to sprint to Sonora, running into lawmen all the way. He must be out there somewhere, holed up on Clanton's spread. If Ike can lead us to Ringo, just letting us know where he is without getting involved himself, then we can give him the $20,000.

VIRGIL

(thinking of the money)

What the hell for?

WYATT

Because, brother, Ike gets the money, but we get the glory. That means I get elected sheriff six weeks from now. That means we really clean up Tombstone.

VIRGIL
(understanding, smiling)
You mean clean *out* Tombstone.

WYATT
Something like that.

VIRGIL
That's some deal allright.

WYATT
Go see Clanton.

EXT: DOC'S HOUSE—NIGHT

Doc pulls up in front of house. He dismounts quietly. He tip-toes to door, tries handle, but it's locked. He knocks. Kate opens door slightly, then wide. A lamp glows behind her, golden and warm. And this is Kate refined: she is beautifully coiffed, with a modest gown, no cleavage.

KATE
Hello, bones.

She smiles, pleased with herself, pleased to see Doc. He hugs her, moves into the house looking at her face, closes door, and kisses her. And then his hands come down slowly as he looks around the room. There are silk purple sheets on the bed, and a full pillow, and the brass is gleaming and polished. There are curtains on all the windows. A crocheted motto saying "Mi Casa es Su Casa" hangs above the door. There is a thick woven rug on the floor and a table cloth with candleholder on the table. All of it is diffused and soft and warm in the light from the lamp.

Doc whistles softly. Kate tries to be casual.

KATE
Well, you tole me to fix it up, flat-ass.

DOC
I didn't expect . . .

KATE

(moving across room to a large bureau
which is also new in the room)
Look what else I got ya.

Kate reaches into drawer and brings out a pair of white silk pajamas.

KATE

Yore gonna look decent around here from now on, dude.

Kate throws him the pajamas, and Doc holds them, pulling them up to his face, obviously stunned. And then, his eyes hold a look of questioning terror.

DOC

Home . . . ?

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS.

A reprise of the waltz, and a series of scenes of Doc and Kate. Doc eating breakfast. Kate serving Doc an old boot under glass. Doc and Kate in a mountain glade, having a picnic under the trees. Doc and Kate running, hand in hand over countryside. Doc knocking Kate down with a tackle and making love to her. Doc lying on a riverbank while Kate bathes naked under a waterfall, until she is joined by the fully-clothed Doc. The color of the scenes moves from light to dark to light again. The outdoor scenes are lyric, the sex scenes make the sex beautiful and open and free, the indoor scenes are humorous. And the sequence is in a mood of reverie, of time recalled, of sweet summer days, of time frozen. We see Doc coming out of himself, as if the dead branches of trees had been given a second chance, and we see Kate freed of cynicism, so obviously in love with her flat-assed tubercular Doc that she seems a very young and open girl. The whorehouse seems forever behind her.

Over the sequence we hear a series of dialogues between Kate and Doc, thrown in wild, with no necessity to match them with action.

KATE

How'd you get to be a gambler, Doc?

DOC

(mock preacher tone)

Oh, one day I was crossing the Rio Jordan and the Child Jesus appeared in a burning bush, and said to me, 'Doc, I'll roll you for the universe.'

KATE

Come on, be serious.

DOC

(serious)

Oh, it's like everything else. It was something I picked up along the way.

KATE

Oh, like the pox . . .

* * * * *

DOC

How'd you end up on the line, Kate?

KATE

Oh, I was born to it.

DOC

(mock surprise)

You mean working girls are born, not made?

KATE

Nah. Nothing fancy. My mother was a whore is all.

DOC

Hija de puta!

* * * * *

KATE

In Baltimore, did you see the ocean?

DOC

Yes.

KATE

What was it like?

DOC

Oh, it was wide and blue and stretched forever. It was green. It was free. It smelled of salt and made promises to strangers.

KATE

For Christ's sakes, Doc! I asked what it was like. I didn't ask you for a poem.

DOC

It was the color of the sky.

* * * * *

KATE

How old are you, Doc?

DOC

Oh, I'm the oldest man on earth. I'm as old as these canyons and these hills and that stream.

KATE

Come on, weren't you ever a boy?

DOC

Once.

KATE

When?

DOC

A couple of years ago.

KATE

In Dodge?

DOC

In Dodge.

KATE

Your big brave friend Wyatt is still a boy.

DOC

I'm afraid you're right.

KATE

How old are you now?

DOC

Oh, as old as the sky up there.

KATE

I'm glad you don't feel that way in bed.

* * * * *

DOC

You ever meet your father, Kate.

KATE

I don't think so.

DOC

You don't *think* so.

KATE

Before my ma died, she told me he was a cowboy. I rolled around with a lotta cowboys.

* * * * *

KATE

You believe in God?

DOC

I'm a retired Christian.

KATE

I didn't ask you that.

DOC

Yes. I believe in God.

KATE

(surprised)

How come?

DOC

The devil gave me references.

* * * * *

DOC

What's the biggest town you ever saw, Kate?

KATE

How old are you now?

DOC

Oh, as old as the sky up there.

KATE

I'm glad you don't feel that way in bed.

* * * * *

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DOC

What's the biggest town you ever saw, Kate?

KATE
How old are you now?

DOC
Oh, as old as the sky up there.

KATE
I'm glad you don't feel that way in bed.

* * * * *

DOC
You ever meet your father, Kate.

KATE
I don't think so.

DOC
You don't *think* so.

KATE
Before my ma died, she told me he was a cowboy. I rolled around with a lotta cowboys.

* * * * *

KATE
You believe in God?

DOC
I'm a retired Christian.

KATE
I didn't ask you that.

DOC
Yes. I believe in God.

KATE
(surprised)
How come?

DOC
The devil gave me references.

* * * * *

DOC
What's the biggest town you ever saw, Kate?

KATE

Kansas City. Spent two days and three nights there once.

DOC

What did you think?

KATE

They had cement buildings there and people who read newspapers when they walked.

* * * * *

KATE

There any Indians around here, Doc?

DOC

A few Chiricahua. Most of the others are gone.

KATE

Why'd they leave?

DOC

We hammered the life out of them. They've got nothing left now but dreams and ceremony.

KATE

(after a pause)

You sure talk funny sometimes, Doc.

* * * * *

KATE

How come you gave up bein' a dentist, Doc?

DOC

It's a little tough asking a man to open his mouth so you can cough down his throat.

The visual sequence ends with the music, while Kate picks a wild desert rose and plants it in Doc's buttonhole.

INT: DOC'S HOUSE—NIGHT

Doc is eating dinner. The lyric quality of the preceding sequence has faded. Time has passed. We are now more

matter of fact, and Doc is finishing his dinner, while Kate sweats at the stove, and then takes his plate to wash it.

KATE
(flatly)
Why don't you stay home tonight, Doc.

DOC
You know I can't do that.

KATE
Then how about taking me? I ain't been dancing in months.

DOC
Goddamit, Kate, you know I can't take you over to the Alhambra.

KATE
(more excited)
Why not? I'm your woman. You should take me everywhere. You just want to keep me in here, cooped up.

DOC
(annoyed)
You sound like Virgil's wife now. Next thing, you'll want me to take you to church.

KATE
(sulking)
You're just ashamed of your poor retired whore.

DOC
(exploding)
Now that just isn't true, Kate, and you know it! I'm a gambler! That's what I do for a living! That means I work in saloons! I work late! I have to win more than I lose because I'm a professional! That means I make enemies! That means I have to concentrate! It's not the best job, but it's the only one I have! And where I work is no place for a woman!

He rises, as if that settles it, and pulls on his coat. She touches his shoulder.

KATE

Doc . . .

He turns, and gets hit full in the face with an apple pie.

DOC

You dirty bitch!

KATE

(smiling)

I cooked it special for you, Doc.

Doc wipes some of the pie off his face. Then he picks an egg from a bowl and pushes it into her face.

She says nothing, wipes the egg away, then lifts the whole bowl and crashes it on his head.

He stands there with eggs dripping down his face, all over his suit jacket.

Then he walks over to the stove and takes the bowl of stew which has been cooling there and dumps that on her head.

They stand there, looking at each other: Doc covered with eggs and pie; Kate dripping stew.

Then Doc steps forward.

DOC

Come here, bitch.

He starts tearing at her clothes in a wild, laughing, manic mood, rubbing the egg all over her, and the stew, while she tears the front of his shirt open. When he goes after her and falls, she pours cooking oil over him. He takes his jacket off, and grabs a side of watermelon and starts scrubbing her with it. Then he takes a bottle of wine and starts pouring it all over her.

DOC

A little California wine, my dear.

KATE
(moaning with pleasure)
Get undressed, Doc . . .

INT: DOC'S HOUSE

Steam billowing from a large metal tub placed on the floor. Clouds of it. Doc and Kate are both in the tub, soapy and calm. There is a nice loving gentleness to their washing.

KATE
There's one thing you just got to do for me, Doc.

DOC
If I can, Kate.

KATE
(after a long pause)
Teach me to read . . .

EXT: PORCH IN FRONT OF ALHAMBRA—DAY

Doc is reading the Tombstone Epitaph. Clum comes up, sits in chair next to him.

CLUM
You're up early, Doc.

DOC
Got a good night's sleep.

Doc keeps reading. He looks healthy, the healthiest we have seen him, and the healthiest we will see him for the rest of the film.

CLUM
Who do you think is gonna win the election?

DOC
I'm not interested in politics.

CLUM
But your friend Wyatt Earp is running for sheriff against Johnny Behan.

DOC

(lying)

We haven't talked about it.

CLUM

Why do you think he wants to be sheriff seeing how he's already the deputy marshal for Tombstone?

DOC

You tell me.

CLUM

Money.

DOC

(looking up from paper)

What do you mean?

CLUM

Simple. There's just a lot more money here for a sheriff than there is for a marshal. The sheriff picks up the taxes from the whores, the gamblers, the saloon keepers. He's in charge of guns too. His friends can have them. His enemies can't. He's force, and in this town you pay force.

DOC

Sounds like a good job.

CLUM

It is.

DOC

How come Johnny Behan isn't rich? He's the sheriff.

CLUM

He's dumb. And honest.

DOC

You don't think Wyatt would be honest.

CLUM

Not really.

The conversation is interrupted by a volley of gunfire a block away. Doc drops the paper, gets up, and moves toward the firing, crouched against the wall. A cowboy comes out the doors of the Oriental, back first, and falls dead on the dirt road. He has been shot six times in the chest, the force of the shots driving him into the street.

Then, from Doc's POV, we see The Kid standing at the door of the Oriental, gun in hand. Doc straightens up and starts across the street.

THE KID

Mr. Holliday . . .

The Kid seems to be in a momentary fever, his eyes glazed, his face curled in a sick smile, filled with himself, filled with the fact that he has killed a man for the first time.

DOC

(soft, hoarse)

What the hell did you do?

THE KID

He was pushing me around.

DOC

Did you have to kill him?

THE KID

He drew on me.

Doc looks questioningly at the crowd of faces behind the Oriental door. They nod in agreement that The Kid is telling the truth.

THE KID

You would of been proud of me, Mr. Holliday.

DOC

Get the hell out of here.

THE KID

(his eyes hurt, disappointed, as if he expected another reaction)

But . . .

DOC

Get going . . .

Then Wyatt pulls up on his horse. A crowd has gathered, and Wyatt dismounts with dash, conscious of the audience. He has his gun out. The Kid is already up on his mount, his pistol in the holster.

WYATT

(a command)

Off the horse.

DOC

(interjecting himself)

It's allright, kid. Get off the horse.

Sheriff Behan pushes through the crowd, a medium-sized, unheroic-looking man.

BEHAN

It's allright, marshal. I'll take care of it.

WYATT

No, it's my arrest. He came in from the territory
to do this killing. He's mine.
(to The Kid)
Give me the gun.

The Kid is still on the horse, with no chance of escape because of the size of the crowd that is gathering. He hands Wyatt the gun. Wyatt sticks it in his own belt, then grabs the kid by the gunbelt, the way Ike Clanton had grabbed him. In one motion, he pulls The Kid off the horse and slams him with the butt of his own gun.

WYATT

Murdering scum. Murderer!

He is slamming The Kid freely.

DOC

Stop it, Wyatt.

BEHAN

Marshal, I'll take him in.

WYATT

(to the sheriff, while beating The Kid)

You'll take him in. *You?*

DOC

(firmly)

Let him alone, Wyatt.

Wyatt throws a kick to The Kid's ribs, and drops him.

WYATT

(his eyes wild)

Allright, sheriff. Take him in. What's left of him.

Wyatt turns to walk through the crowd. There are many people standing there admiring him and he soaks it up. But others, older, more conservatively dressed, do not approve.

Doc comes down off the porch and stares for a while at the body of the dead man. He coughs, and spits, and then turns to go back into the Oriental for a drink.

On the edge of the crowd is the Mad Preacher.

PREACHER

. . . And the wages of sin shall devour ye . . .

INT: DOC'S HOUSE—SAME TIME OF DAY

Kate is making the bed. There is a knock at the door. She answers it. Alley is standing there, prim, without make-up, wearing a bonnet. The contrast is vivid: Kate's hair spills out full and shiny, her ripe body vibrant with health. Alley has her hair in a tight bun. It is impossible to tell anything about her body.

ALLEY

Miss Elder?

KATE

(surprised, but friendly)

Hello, Alley. Come on in. Have a cup of tea? It's some kind of stuff Doc gets from the China-man.

ALLEY
(icy)
No thank you.

KATE
(alerted now)
Well then, what do you want?

ALLEY
(as if she had memorized the speech)
I'm here on behalf of the respectable people . . .

KATE
(laughing as if the idea was ridiculous)
The *what?*

ALLEY
. . . the respectable people of Tombstone, and we wish to register to you our strong protest about the lewd and evil goings-on here between you and Mr. Holliday.

KATE
What the hell are you talking about?

ALLEY
I'm *talking, Miss* Elder, about the fact that you are living in a "state" of mortal sin with Mr. Holliday, that you are engaging in congress with him . . .

KATE
(outraged)
Why you filthy bitch! What do you have in that head of yours? Worms? You comin' over here to preach to me? Well, I go to preachers for preachin'. Mortal sin? Listen, sister, that Mattie ain't no innocent little lady. I know about her. She worked the line in Dodge for six years before tyin' up with Wyatt. Half the outfits in Kansas was on top of her before she started goin' to church. Don't try to shit me, sister. And you: what the hell is wrong with you? That hus-

band of yores ever stick anything in you? What's he do, stick it out the window? Pore Virgil. He probably figures he married a hitchin' post, not a woman. I don't need yore lectures, sister. So get the hell out of here. Go out and get yourself the hold of a good male ass. Or maybe five or six of them.

ALLEY
(still cold, but looking horrified)
You are a disgusting woman.

Kate goes for her, tears open the front of Alley's blouse, then grabs her by the hair, opens the door and throws her into the street.

Alley spins around, terrified, pressing her bare chest against the wall, terrified. A Mexican cowboy is standing there, grinning.

MEXICAN COWBOY
Hey, lady. You looking for bogs?

INT: THE JAILHOUSE—NIGHT

Doc is talking to Johnny Behan about getting The Kid out on bond.

BEHAN
I got to put at least a thousand on him, Doc.

DOC
(producing roll of bills)
I can cover it.

BEHAN
(softly)
I'm curious, Doc. What do you want to help this kid for?

DOC
(ironic)
Oh, just a sense of civic responsibility.

Behan takes the money, signs a receipt, and goes to the back of the jailhouse. He returns with The Kid.

DOC
(to The Kid)
Let's go. You come back here in three weeks for trial, when the justice comes through.

The Kid looks vaguely ashamed of himself. He and Doc walk outside and stand for a few moments on the porch.

DOC
Why'd you do it, kid? Level with me.

KID
Cause I had to do it.

DOC
Did you know he had a wife and three kids down in Bisbee?

KID
(quietly)
No.

DOC
(after a pause)
How old are you, kid?

KID
Eighteen.

DOC
Well, what the hell are you going to do with your life? It's the only life you're ever gonna have. Don't you have *any* ambitions?

KID
Yeah. I want to be like you, Mr. Holliday.

Doc looks long and hard at The Kid, and then, bitterly, he hisses:

DOC
Get the hell out of here, kid.

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE MOONLIGHT—NIGHT

Wyatt and Virgil on horseback are meeting with Ike and Billy Clanton and Frank McLowery under a clump of trees, near the cemetery.

IKE CLANTON

I like the money. Yeah, I like the $20,000.

BILLY CLANTON

But what's in it for you, Earp?

WYATT

Sheriff. If I bring in Ringo, dead or alive, I'll win that election.

FRANK MCLOWERY

Suppose we don't go for it.

WYATT

You gotta go for it. You got no choice. I got your brother in the Tombstone jail, right this minute, for murder. I figure I can get a judge to believe the kid also stuck up the stage.

FRANK MCLOWERY

You're a liar.

IKE CLANTON

Well, where *is* the kid?

FRANK MCLOWERY

I don't know.

BILLY CLANTON

(decisively, the deal made)

$20,000 is a lot of money.

IKE CLANTON

If you tell anyone about this, Earp, I'll come and kill you.

Wyatt nods acknowledgement.

IKE CLANTON

Okay. We got a deal. Let the kid out. We'll let you know when we get to Ringo.

WYATT

(turning horse to leave)

Deal.

The Clantons hold for a moment as Wyatt and Virgil ride off.

IKE CLANTON

It sure makes you sleep good at night knowin' that Wyatt Earp is upholdin' the law, don't it?

INT: DOC'S HOUSE—NIGHT, VERY LATE

Doc lets himself in very quietly. Kate has been sleeping in her familiar face-down position, but she is fully-clothed. Doc leans over and shakes her gently. She comes awake, and her face is a ruin.

DOC

Kate! What is it? You've been crying.

KATE

(sitting up, staring at her hands)

Nothin', Doc. Nothin'.

DOC

What happened?

Kate stares for a long time at the floor and then starts talking, very quietly.

KATE

That bitch Alley came over here today. I thought she was trying to be friendly, you know, comin' over to see what she could do, that sort of crap.

(pause)

But it wasn't that. She came over preachin'. Preachin' about how you an' me are livin' in sin. How the respectable

(spits this)

people don't want us here.

(she pauses again)

So I got mad.

DOC

(beginning to fight back a grin)

What did you do?

KATE

I tore the dirty bastard's blouse off and flung her out in the street with her dried up little mams hangin' out for all the world to see!

Doc sits back, roaring with laughter.

DOC

You are one beautiful mad bitch!

But Kate has had a long time to think about things, and this time she doesn't join Doc in bawdy laughter. She bites the nails on one hand, the other folded across her chest.

KATE

(a kind of hysteria beginning to build, as she stands up and starts circling the one-room house)

It ain't anything to laugh at, Doc! There's just too much truth in it. I'm *not* beautiful. I'm a dirty ruttin' sow. I had more cocks plugged into me than a pincushion has pins.

(voice rising)

I've had a thousand cowboy fingers up my ass and left a thousand mattresses wet with spill. They's been nights when I lost count of what was done to me. Because you see, Doc: women like me are *meat*. That's the way the Alleys see me, that's the way the cowboys see me, and that's what I am. Just plain raw meat for a thousand dumb suckers to get up on top of, to climb into for a couple of minutes, and then climb off. Meat. *Meat!*

DOC

(taking her hands, and talking very gently)

Calm down, Kate. Please.

KATE

(pulling away, but her voice calmer)

This ain't my life, Doc. It ain't. My life is on

the line. One whorehouse after another, screwin' my way home.

DOC

(firmly)

The only time you have to worry about is now. Not yesterday. Not tomorrow.

Kate has walked around the room several times. But the tears have now stopped. The hysteria seems gone. She turns full face to Doc, her eyes wet and soft, and perhaps for the first real time in the film, looking vulnerable.

KATE

Doc?

DOC

Yes, Kate?

KATE

Will you marry me, Doc?

Doc looks as if he had been punched. His jaw drops, his eyes are stunned, and he realizes that everything he has done in the past few months has led to this moment. He must choose: marriage and its belief in a future, or loneliness and its acceptance of death. Kate stares at him. And he looks suddenly very hard and determined, not looking at her at all. He says:

DOC

(very low, very positive)

No.

He turns to leave. He is confused and shook, and goes out into the night, deep in thought and a kind of shock at the way he had allowed himself to get into a position he had never allowed before. Kate watches him leave, frozen, her face a blur. She seems to realize that asking Doc about marriage has destroyed in one moment what was building between them. She whispers:

KATE

It didn't really matter, Doc . . .

INT: EARP'S HOUSE—MORNING

Wyatt is asleep in bed. The bedroom is small, bare, incompletely furnished: the room of people who do not plan on permanence. Beside him, but not huddled against him, is Mattie, wearing a nightgown. Mattie is snoring.

There is loud pounding on the door, as Virgil tries to wake up Wyatt.

VIRGIL
Wyatt! Wake up, Wyatt! Hurry!

Wyatt gets up, dressed in a nightshirt. He yawns, walks to door, goes out into the hall to speak to Virgil.

WYATT
What is it, Virge?

VIRGIL
Doc Holliday bailed out the kid. He put up a thousand in cash money.

WYATT
(angry)
When?

VIRGIL
Last night. And that ain't all of it. That slut of his took my Alley yesterday and . . .

WYATT
(not interested in Alley)
Where did the kid go?

VIRGIL
Probably back to the ranch. He's sure not in town.

They enter the kitchen. Wyatt is dressing quickly, from a pile of clothes draped over a chair.

WYATT
It ruins the deal, Virge.

VIRGIL

I know. What the hell do we do now? The Clantons don't have to do business with us now, if they don't want to.

WYATT

They could even do business with Johnny Behan.

VIRGIL

(afraid of the possible consequences)

What can we do, Wyatt?

WYATT

(coldly)

Kill the Clantons.

INT: DOC'S HOUSE—DAY

Wyatt knocks on door. Kate has been up a while, and is drinking. Doc isn't there. Kate answers door.

WYATT

Where's Doc?

KATE

He ain't here. He didn't come home.

WYATT

Tell him I want to see him.

KATE

(with contempt)

Why the hell should I, brave man?

WYATT

Look, Miss Katy Elder. We gotta get something straight. You ain't got any rights whatsoever when it comes to John Holliday. Maybe he needs a slut like you to satisfy himself. But ever since you latched onto him, he hasn't been himself.

KATE

Maybe he grew up.

WYATT
(leering)
And maybe the tricks you learned on the line got him so tired out he can't think straight. Maybe your love muscle made his brain weak.

KATE
Get out of here.

WYATT
You gonna try what you did to Alley yesterday?

KATE
Out.

WYATT
Well, I got some news for you. John Holliday isn't gonna be with you much longer.

KATE
Like hell.

WYATT
I guess you gotta tell yourself that he loves you. But that ain't true. If he loved you, he'd marry you. He ain't about to do no marryin'. In fact . . .
(looking at fingernails)
. . . I know he's getting ready to move on. Out to California. For a look at the sea.

KATE
(screaming)
Out! Get out of here!

Wyatt leaves, but we hold on Kate. Her face is shot through with doubt and worry, and it is clear to us that Wyatt struck a nerve.

INT: ALHAMBRA—DAY

Doc is asleep at a table. His arm is stretched out and his head is resting on it. He has a stubble of beard and looks whiskey-soaked. The place is empty, except for Bartlett

who is behind the bar, cleaning glasses. There is a bottle in front of Doc, about two-thirds gone, and a dirty glass.

Wyatt comes in the door, carefully, apprehensive. The bar is grey in the muted morning light. Bartlett doesn't look up. Wyatt's footsteps make the only sound. He looks at Bartlett, then at Doc who remains asleep in the far corner of the bar.

WYATT
How long's he been here?

BARTLETT
Last night.

WYATT
Eat?

BARTLETT
Not a bite.

Wyatt walks quietly over to Doc. He lifts the bottle and the dirty glass, and returns to the bar, sliding both a foot towards Bartlett.

WYATT
How many is this?

BARTLETT
Number four.

WYATT
It's a goddam shame.

BARTLETT
He's got a right, marshal. He works hard. He runs an honest game. And he's got . . . that sickness. He's got a right to break out every once in a while.

WYATT
You don't understand . . .

He walks back to Doc's table, and stands above him.

WYATT
(grim)
John . . .

Doc's eyes open, but he doesn't move his head. The eyes seem bright and clear, despite the drink-soaked face. Doc sits up slowly, and stares at Wyatt.

DOC
Buenas dias, Senor muerte.

WYATT
You look disgusting, John.

DOC
Oh? Do I? Disgusting?

Doc stands, rubbing his face. He shivers in the chill of the hangover. He ignores Wyatt and crosses to the bar. He reclaims the bottle of whiskey.

DOC
(to Bartlett)
A clean glass, sir.

BARTLETT
Sure, Doc.

Wyatt remains standing beside Doc's table, his back leaning against the wall. Doc returns, places the bottle on the table. Then Doc sits down.

DOC
(pouring a drink and not looking up at Wyatt)
What do you want, Wyatt?

WYATT
An explanation . . .

Doc sips the whiskey. He remains silent.

WYATT
Why'd you bail out the kid?

DOC

(after a pause, then looking at Wyatt, as Wyatt slides into the chair opposite)

Because I felt like it, Wyatt.

WYATT

Feelin' that way caused a lot of trouble.

DOC

What kind of trouble? The kid will be back when Judge Spicer comes through.

WYATT

Trouble with the Clantons. In jail, that kid was worth something. Especially when it comes to getting to the bottom of that Wells Fargo job. On the outside, he doesn't do me any good.

DOC

Trouble with the Clantons is your trouble, not mine.

WYATT

We could have nailed Ringo.

DOC

(emphatically)

Your trouble, Wyatt.

WYATT

We're gonna have to kill the Clantons, John.

Doc begins to rise. Bartlett steps outside, not wanting to hear.

DOC

For what? Because Ike Clanton whipped your ass? Because they're 'bad people'? Because you don't like them?

(a pause, as Doc grips the table and leans close to Wyatt's face)

Or is it because it's *you* that's dried up inside,

Wyatt, *you* who wants so much to be sheriff that you'll kill for it?

Doc is wound up, his face bitter. He starts to cough, and moves away from Wyatt, and takes a long drink.

WYATT
(coldly)
I've wanted to say this for a long time, John.
(pause)
Something very bad has happened to you. Your sickness, maybe it's gone to your head. Or to your nerve. You ain't the man you were in Dodge.

Doc stands again, and he is laughing under his breath.

DOC
Tombstone isn't Dodge, Wyatt. Dodge is over. Behind us. As dead as all those poor suckers in Boot Hill. Time is passing us, Wyatt, and you better begin to know what that means. You don't stay twenty-five forever . . .

WYATT
(interrupting)
That woman of yores: she changed you, John. You're not Doc Holliday anymore. I don't know *who* you are.

DOC
You don't understand, do you? What I'm saying, Wyatt, is that men like us don't mean anything anymore. The railroad's coming. The Federal government is coming. The ranchers and the farmers are coming. The towns are filling up with people who plan to stay. They'll have churches and schools and libraries and music and paintings. This is the last stop, Wyatt. After here, there's only California, and that's already settled. Believe me. I saw it happen in Dodge. You never stayed around long enough to see it

happen, but I did. People came to stay for the long haul, and people like us were looked upon as freaks, as rare as buffalo. It's easy now in Tombstone, pulling silver out of the earth. But there isn't enough silver in any mountain to last forever. One morning the silver will be gone and the people will go with it and the houses and the saloons will lie empty, with no companions but the rats and the wind, while the rain washes the adobe back into the earth . . . And then where do we go, Wyatt? Where do people like us go?

WYATT

(after pause, trying dimly to take in the long tirade from Doc)

You're talkin' foolish, John.

DOC

Maybe I am. But I know this: I'm sick of killing. I'm sick of seeing young kids gun down old men to prove something about their manhood. I'm sick of seeing people shot down for bullshit reasons, Wyatt, and I'm sick of shooting them down myself.

(a pause)

I'm sick of blood.

Doc is building now, into a kind of frenzy, made up of too much drinking, of frayed nerves, of gnawing remorse, and an understanding of another kind of life.

DOC

I don't *want* that anymore, Wyatt. I want laughter, and long noisy evenings, and mountain streams, and the sky at morning. I want the sea of grass stretching to the mountains, green and virginal. I want to see winter light hitting the snow at the crest of hills. I want that, Wyatt. I want all of it. Women, dirt, children, laughter, music, wine, mornings, night, smells, sun, water.

All of it! I want *all* of it. I want to . . .
(and then suddenly Doc's voice breaks, from the loudest pitch, to the lowest hoarse whisper)
. . . live.

Doc has run down, stunned by his own words. The place is deadly silent. He drops his glass, which splinters loudly. The horror is in Doc's face now, the horror of a man who had managed to live past his time by accepting death, the horror of a man who had never allowed himself the luxury of dreaming about a future. He coughs slightly. And then he turns very, very slowly, almost in slow-motion, and starts moving toward the door and the bright rectangle of hard sunlight, moving sluggishly, like a man in a dream fighting off drowning. Then he is gone.

Wyatt is sitting very still. And then, very slowly, he begins to smile, and then to chuckle crazily, and then to laugh, as his triumph floods through him, and we realize, for the first time completely, that Wyatt is the most evil man in Tombstone.

EXT: TOMBSTONE MAIN STREET—NIGHT

Kate alone, walking down the street, her face bleary with drink, a Mexican robozo pulled tight around her shoulders. The streets are wild with disorder and noise. She looks into the Alhambra for a moment, and Bartlett shrugs that he hasn't seen Doc. She tries the Oriental but doesn't see him. Then she heads for the Earp home, consumed in a growing fury and desperation.

The Earp women are on the porch, Mattie rocking on a rocking chair, the young girl on the swing, Alley sitting on a hard-backed chair, knitting. Kate is in a wild frame of mind.

KATE

Allright, where is he?

MATTIE

(archly, as Alley looks on nervously)

Who, dearie?

KATE

My man.

MATTIE

Which one would that be, dearie?

Kate comes up on the porch, and pushes past all of them into the house. She is screaming, and Mattie follows her in.

KATE

Doc! Doc!

MATTIE

(with pistol in hand)

Get out of my house, you whore!

KATE

Don't make me laugh, Mattie. I know about you.

MATTIE

(trembling with a combination of righteousness and the fear of exposure)

Get out, or I'll kill ya right here.

ALLEY

(her hard facade cracking, as she seems to recognize Kate's vulnerability for the first time)

You don't need the gun, Mattie.

MATTIE

(to Alley)

Get back on the porch.

KATE

Forget it, you old whore. I'm leaving.

Kate starts out, while Mattie stays behind. Alley goes with Kate. Alley seems to want to say something, to say that she was sorry, but she can't find the words.

ALLEY

Kate, if I see Doc, I'll tell him . . .

KATE

It's *Miss* Elder, to *you*.

Kate vanishes into the night, while Alley watches her go, mumbling prayers all the way.

EXT: SIDE STREET—TOMBSTONE

Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan on horses, talking quietly. Wyatt dismounts.

WYATT

You're sure Billy Clanton's in the Oriental?

VIRGIL

Positive.

WYATT

Then, Morgan, I want you to go talk to him, real calm like, and tell him the deal with Ike is off. That I heard Ike's been talking careless about the deal. That I'm gonna teach him a lesson and bring charges against *him* for the holdup . . .

MORGAN

He'll blow his stack, brother. I mean when Billy tells him, Ike'll be comin' after you.

WYATT

That's exactly what I want.

Wyatt dismounts and starts to walk to the main drag. Virgil and Morgan ride off to take the back streets, bringing Wyatt's horse with them.

Wyatt walks cautiously out to the main drag. He seems tense, as the feeling begins to build that violence is coming.

He walks a block and sees Kate coming straight at him.

KATE

Where is Doc?

WYATT

(sneering)

I don't really know, woman.

KATE

You must've seen him sometime today, Wyatt.

WYATT

Well, let me think . . .

KATE

You don't have to think, Wyatt. Besides I wouldn't want to put you through the strain.

WYATT

Goodnight, lady.

KATE

(grabbing Wyatt)

Just a minute, Wyatt.

WYATT

(shaking loose)

I don't have to talk to you. Goddam drunken bitch.

KATE

I know you, Wyatt. You got a real problem.

WYATT

I don't have to hear this, woman.

KATE

You're sick in the head, marshal.

WYATT

Go to the Chinaman's, if you think I'm sick.

KATE

(ignoring the line)

I seen your kind in a dozen towns, marshal. Walkin' around, swingin' your eggs like you wanted to use them. But nothin' happens. The pistol stays locked up in the holster, don't it, Wyatt? All locked up. Until you see a man you like. A nice beautiful man. A poor skinny death-sick man. Ain't that what's the matter with you, marshal? Ain't it?

For a moment, Wyatt's facade cracks. There is a trembling around his mouth, and he starts to back away from Kate, the way an animal might back away from fire.

KATE

(eyes blazing, and leering)

Do you kiss them, Wyatt Earp?

THE CHINAMAN'S OPIUM PARLOR ON THE SIDE STREET

There are racks of Chinese laborers, piled one above the other, the way people sleep on tightly-packed ships. A blue haze permeates the place. There is no ornament; only the racks of dozing Chinese laborers, a low blue oil lamp burning on a table, and the haze. Against one wall, there is a more luxurious bed, which is still spare: a head roll, a flat slab of bed. On this rack lies Doc. Beside him, in a chair, is the FAT CHINAMAN. They are both smoking long, flat-bottomed pipes.

DOC

(dreamy)

Say those words again.

FAT CHINESE

Rangoon . . . Shanghai . . . Manila . . . Java . . . Siam . . .

DOC

All the places of the earth . . .

FAT CHINESE

Across the seas, where spices grow . . .

DOC

. . . Where spices blow on the breeze . . . Siam . . . Java . . . Rangoon.

FAT CHINESE

(admiring Doc's long, slender hands)

The Palace of Mirrors in Shanghai . . .

DOC

Where spices blow on the breeze from the sea . . .

There is a quality of time suspended, as the soft words pass from one to the other; and yet there is no real intimacy; each seems lost in his own special world, detached and dreaming.

And then suddenly, the mood of private reverie is over. Kate has burst into the place. The Chinese laborers do not stir. The Fat Chinese starts up. Doc dreams on, for a few moments.

KATE

(furious)

You dirty, flat-assed, rat-hearted son-of-a-bitch! Here I am half turned out of my skull with worry, and you're lyin' on your ass with a bunch of Chinee dope fiends! Jesus Christ!

The Fat Chinese tries to protest, but Kate is in a fury. She piles into him, knocking him to the floor, his pipe clattering away. Then she grabs Doc by the front of the coat, and with the strength of fury, starts to pull him up. He is limp, with a sappy look on his face.

KATE

Get up! Goddammit, lookit yourself: dirty as a quarter-horse's mother!

DOC

I'm going to the ocean . . .

Doc starts to fall, his weight pushing Kate against the wall. She pushes him, releasing her grip, and he staggers backwards. Kate now ignores Doc as she proceeds to wreak vengeance on this place which was one of the elements that took him from her. She takes a Chinese from one of the racks, and dumps him on the floor. She pulls loose the pole at the end of one rack, releasing three others, who fall on top of each other. She jams the pole through the paper wall separating rooms, pushes against

that wall and sends it to the ground. There are pots and ceramics in the next room: she hurls them against the walls, smashing the crockery, breaking glass, all of it in a fury which leaves her making animal sounds.

For a moment, Doc seems to come out of it. But Kate is still in her boiling anger, seeming to move through every space in the house, leaving destruction behind her. Some of the Chinamen begin to drift out, confronted with this wild woman. Doc starts to talk.

DOC

Kate, I . . .

KATE

Shut up, you stupid son of a sidewindin' bitch!

Then she does it: she lifts the kerosene lamp, hurls it at Doc and misses him. The lamp hits the wall like a bomb. Flame shoots out, spreading to the caved-in paper wall. The place is on fire. Chinamen begin to scream. The Fat Chinese starts to hustle his charges outside. Kate coughs in the smoke and suddenly Doc has her hand, and is leading her out into the night air. In the distance, horses are whinnying. The flames are yellow-white and building.

DOC

(sobered)

Kate, I've been a bloody dunce.

KATE

(her fury finally exhausted)

Don't talk to me.

He is holding both of her hands, their faces strange and grotesque in the light of the flames.

DOC

We'll go away. Tonight.

Kate looks at him for a long time, her face mixed with pity, love, fear, disgust. She pulls away from him, backing up, and says, very deliberately and finally:

KATE

No.

And she is gone. Doc stands in the light of the flame, and the growing chaos of the scene. His thoughts are confused and muddled, his emotions running through him like the fire through the building behind him. But he does not go after Kate. He turns, walking in the opposite direction, and then starts to trot, coughing as he goes, trotting, trotting, and then running, running away from Kate and the fire and the town, running away from life, heading for the slope in the distance with the 237 crosses planted neatly like a garden.

STREET IN FRONT OF ALHAMBRA

Someone notices the distant glow and shouts "Fire!"

Wyatt sees the glow, and without hesitating, starts running towards it. Morgan is behind him.

He turns the corner on the run, and sees that it is the Chinese's place. There are Chinamen staggering around in the smoke and confusion.

WYATT

(to Morgan)

Hurry! Get help! Fire brigade! Clear the saloons!

Morgan runs off, and then Wyatt starts running straight for the building.

WYATT

Doc! Doc! Are you in there, John?

The blaze keeps him back, and the Fat Chinese comes over, shaking his head no, that Doc is not inside.

Now a crowd is starting to arrive on the run. Wyatt breaks them into a fire brigade.

WYATT

Allright, military formation. One of you every three feet. Forget the Chinaman! His ass has

had it! But I want you to drench those buildings on the sides.

The men try to do it, but they are too late for that. The fire builds and climbs, while bucket after bucket is poured out. The fire climbs higher.

Through this all, we see Wyatt rushing back and forth, completely in his element, barking orders. He rushes into a barn and frees all the horses, by himself. He helps one old man out of a burning boarding house. He seems to be everywhere, the man of the hour.

Very late in the morning, the fire burns itself out. Two full blocks have been burned. Knots of people stand crying in the streets. The sky is a hard dark slate blue. Charred pillars smolder in the strange light of dawn. Wyatt stands in the middle of the street, his exhausted brothers beside him, all of them black with grime and soot and sweat. Bartlett comes over with a pail of iced beers.

BARTLETT
Here, fellas. You deserve these.

WYATT
(taking beer)
Thanks Bartlett.

BARTLETT
The whole town could of gone up.

WYATT
Yeah.

VIRGIL
Anybody dead?

BARTLETT
So far, looks like no one dead.

MORGAN
Sure smells like roast Chinaman, though, don't it?

WYATT

Where's Doc?

EXT: BOOT HILL—EARLY MORNING

Doc awakes in the bare dirt and frail wooden crosses of Boot Hill. Cross after cross rise up behind him, skeletal and ominous in the grey morning. He looks at Wyatt's house, which is silent, and then sees the dark pall of smoke hanging over the town. At this cold hour of the morning, the mood is one of utter desolation, a desolation that is at once the final scene of one act, and the prelude to another. Doc stands, as skeletal as the crosses. He is absolutely sober and clear-eyed now.

DOC

(to himself, to the dead)
Good morning, you lucky bastards.
(a pause, as he pulls himself together, thinking of something important)
But I'm not ready to join you yet.
Not just yet.

Doc starts for home, taking the back streets, so that he won't run into Wyatt. He is still unsteady, but it is the unsteadiness of a man who has gone through several terrible days. He shivers in the cold, and then it begins to rain, first lightly, and then coming hard across the desert, advancing like a hammer. It is raining all over Tombstone: on the roof of the house where the whores sleep thickly; on the embers of the destroyed fire-gutted buildings; on the crosses at Boot Hill; on the Alhambra, where Wyatt and his brothers are having one final quiet drink. It is battering the adobe house when Doc arrives.

Before he goes "in", he notices the rain ripping away parts of the mud brick, and the eroded brick washing away in a small stream.

He opens the door, and closes it behind him. Kate is awake, sitting with a bottle at the table. She is not surprised to see Doc.

KATE

Welcome back to our happy home.

Doc takes off his soaked jacket and shirt, and without saying anything, walks over and sits down with Kate, pouring himself a drink.

KATE

Well, don't you have anything to say for yourself?

DOC

There doesn't seem to be much to say.

Kate stares at him, but he avoids her glance. She does not lash out at him this time. She just sits there for a long time, both of them falling into a cocoon of silence, except for the drumming of the rain.

DOC

(very quietly)

I'm sorry, Kate.

KATE

(very gently, but hopeless too)

For what, Doc? For God's sake, what is there really to be sorry for?

DOC

I don't know. For everything. For getting you tangled up with someone like me. I don't know what I could have been thinking, because this just isn't gonna work out. I can't live this kind of life.

KATE

(getting up, and walking around, touching things like the curtains, and the silk sheets, and the table cloths)

Ah, shit, Doc. So what? You just can't live no kind of life, Doc. You're just a pore lonesome dying creature. You got death in you, Doc. You got death in you, tryin' terrible hard to get out.

It's like that infection of yours. It lies in there, and makes its move now and then, and then goes away. But it's gettin' late, dude. It's tryin' awful hard.

DOC

Maybe there's no sense fighting it.

KATE

You got to fight it as long as you can, Doc. That's why you ended up here in this house.

DOC

(pausing to digest what she said)

You've got to go away, Kate.

KATE

Why the hell should I?

DOC

Because there is going to be bad trouble here. Maybe today. Maybe tomorrow.

KATE

Old Wyatt Earp and the big bad Clantons, I guess.

DOC

Yeah.

KATE

I'm not going without you.

DOC

(rather gently)

You've got to go, Kate. People are gonna die. The town, the Earps, the Clantons, all of them see you as part of me, as part of the Earp faction. I don't want you in it.

KATE

(pausing for a beat)

Doc, why don't *we* go? Today. Just get some horses and ride to Tucson and get on a train.

Take it to wherever the hell it goes. To New York. To Chicago. To California. Just get on and get going. You asked me last night. Let's do it.

DOC

That was last night.
(pause)
But I can't, Kate. I'm too tired.

KATE

(almost to herself)
Too tired to live.

DOC

(ignoring that line)
Look, I've got about $4,000 in my kick. I'm gonna give you $3,000. I want you to get on the stage this afternoon. Just pack up and leave. Get out. Go and open a boarding house or a dress shop. But go. Just go.

KATE

(slightly bitter)
The first time we sat through a storm, you offered me three bucks. My price is going up.

DOC

I'm sorry, Kate. You know I didn't mean it that way.

KATE

I'm staying, Doc.

DOC

Then I'm going back to the Continental.

KATE

And I could go back to the doss house.

DOC

Please don't.

KATE

I'll think about it.

He is staring out the window at the rain, and Kate joins him. They stand there a long time, and he holds her hand. After a while, he turns to her, smiling the ironic smile.

DOC

(lightly)

The stage doesn't leave until five.

KATE

(smiling)

Well, we got some time, no matter what happens.

He holds her face very gently, the long slender hands forming a chalice. Her eyes are blurry with feeling and impending loss. He kisses her hard, again and again, kissing her eyes and ears and holding tightly to her hair. Then, in a low voice, barely audible, over the rain, he whispers:

DOC

Kate . . .

KATE

Yes . . .

DOC

I love you . . .

THE STAGE LANDING. SAME AFTERNOON

Much bustle, and changing of horses. The rain is over, and in the distance we can see the charred embers of beams, shiny and blue from the wetness. The wheels of the stage are sunk into the mud, and several Mexicans are jamming boards under the wheels for traction.

Doc and Kate arrive. Doc is carrying one suitcase, belonging to Kate. They stand for a moment, watching the commotion.

DOC

Now, I'm going right over to the Alhambra, Kate. I don't want any teary goodbyes.

KATE

Bastard.

DOC

Sssh . . . suppose Alley hears you?

KATE

I got two words for ole Alley, and the second one is "her."

DOC

I'll write to you at G.P.O. Tucson.

KATE

That's real big of you.

DOC

Goodbye, Kate.

They hold for one long final touch of the hands, and then Doc turns and walks off. He heads for the Alhambra without looking behind him, all from Kate's POV. He comes in the door and Wyatt is at the bar. Wyatt smiles, almost lewdly.

WYATT

Good to have you back, John.

We return to the stage, where the drovers are finally obtaining traction. One DROVER comes over to Kate.

DROVER

Want me to put that bag up, Miss?

Kate hesitates, her face running with emotion. Before she can answer, Clum appears, dressed in a business suit.

CLUM

(surprised)

You leaving town, Miss Elder?

The stage is ready now. Kate is looking into the middle distance. There is a very long pause as she makes up her mind.

KATE

(very low voice)

Not just yet, Mr. Clum.

Clum looks down at the suitcase, and walks away. There is a noisy scene of wheels screeching and drovers shouting, with mud spattering everywhere. And then the stage is gone. Kate is still standing there, alone. We come in for a very tight close-up, as Kate mumbles:

KATE

Skinny dude never did teach me to read.

She hears shouting from across the street and looks up to see Concha, gold teeth glittering, on the upper porch.

CONCHA

We sure have miss you, Katy!

KATE

Chinga tu madre!

She turns and starts lugging the suitcase back to the adobe house.

INT: DOC'S ROOM—THE CONTINENTAL

Doc is alone again, and now the room seems to have shrunk. The walls press in. The heat is terrible, as Doc struggles to come fully awake. He seems to have trouble breathing. He tamps beads of sweat off his forehead and naked chest. Then he uses a silk handkerchief to wipe inside his mouth, rubbing his teeth, and around his tongue, and his gums; it comes away brownish from blood.

DOC

(to himself)

Just like old times . . .

He starts coughing very hard, and breaking the coughing

with the drinking, and then coughing again, and then, sitting alone on the narrow sheetless couch, he starts to sob, coughing and sobbing, alone.

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE—DAY

Full screen view of the Clantons riding towards Tombstone: Ike Clanton, Billy Clanton, Frank McLowery, The Kid, Billy Claybourne, and Two Cowboys. They look mean and formidable, and Ike in particular looks nasty and mean.

IKE CLANTON

Now we get that snake Earp.

BILLY CLANTON

Who you reckon he told?

IKE CLANTON

Hard to figure. His brothers for sure. Doc Holliday. I tell you this. He ain't gonna talk about the deal to anybody else.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—THE CONTINENTAL—DAY

Doc emerges, fully dressed, with a newspaper. The town has its morning emptiness upon it. The heat is beating down, and there is no breeze. Doc sits down to read, and all around him there is boredom, and unreleased tension.

EXT: WYATT'S HOUSE—DAY

Wyatt, Morgan and Virgil come out of the house, also very grim, especially Wyatt. They are carrying shotguns and bags of ammunition. They start walking down the street.

MORGAN

(nervous)

You sure they'll be in today?

WYATT

I'm sure.

They turn into the Alhambra.

EXT: THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH

Clum has been watching them come down the street. He pulls down the shade, and takes notebook and pencil and goes out to see what is coming.

EXT: KNOLL OVERLOOKING TOMBSTONE—DAY

Clanton and the others have a view of Tombstone baking in the heat.

IKE CLANTON

Kid, I want you to go in there and see what's going on. Be careful. If Earp sees you, he'll kill you.

THE KID

Okay Ike.

The Kid rides into town, dismounting on a back street, near Doc's old house. He sprints through the back streets, past the old Mexican lady pounding her endless tortillas. Then he knocks on the door. Kate answers.

THE KID

Kate, where's Doc?

KATE

Don't anyone ever come here lookin' for me?

THE KID

I can't joke around, Miss Elder. There's gonna be a shooting and I want to warn Mr. Holliday.

KATE

(alarmed)

Try the hotel. I'll try the Alhambra.

INT: THE ALHAMBRA—DAY

Wyatt is pinning stars on Morgan and Virgil.

WYATT

You're now my deputies.

VIRGIL
(grinning)
It sure is pretty.

WYATT
Now go get Doc.

EXT: THE CONTINENTAL PORCH—DAY

Doc is still reading the paper. From the darkness of the side alley, the Kid whispers:

KID
Mr. Holliday . . .

Doc recognizes the voice. He keeps reading the paper and says, so that no one but the kid can hear:

DOC
Get the hell out of here.

THE KID
Mr. Holliday, they're coming into town.

DOC
Who's coming into town?

THE KID
Ike, and my brother, and some others.

DOC
Why?

THE KID
The marshal made a deal with Ike. Ike was supposed to turn in Ringo for the stage job. Mr. Earp would then give Ike the reward money and take the glory, so he could get elected sheriff. But the deal's off. The marshal says he's gonna charge Ike with the job. Or me.

DOC
It's the first I heard of it.

THE KID
It's the truth Mr. Holliday. I swear it.

DOC
Why tell me?

THE KID
I don't want you to die, Mr. Holliday.

EXT: TOMBSTONE—DAY

Kate walking quickly. Suddenly she is stopped by Alley.

ALLEY
Miss Elder.

KATE
(impatiently trying to get around her)
I got nothing to say to you.

ALLEY
I got something to say to you, Miss Elder.
(a pause for emphasis)
I'm sorry.

KATE
(stopping, amazed)
Sorry?

ALLEY
I was wrong. I acted in a very un-Christian way.
I was mean and unkind, and God punished me.

KATE
(sarcastic)
That's great. Why don't you get a church named after me?

ALLEY
I'd like to be your friend, Miss Elder.

KATE
(moved for a moment, then shrugging it off)
I had a friend.

INT: THE ALHAMBRA

Doc walks through the doors. The Earps are at a table at the far end. Wyatt leaps up, grinning and boyish and excited.

WYATT

Today's the day.

Doc is walking very slowly down the bar. Wyatt senses that something is wrong, and he moves back, and sits down. Doc leans over the table and says, very deliberately:

DOC

Why didn't you tell me about the deal?

Wyatt tries to laugh about it boyishly.

DOC

It's not funny, Wyatt. Why didn't you tell me about the deal?

WYATT

(laughing still)

John, I don't know what you're talking about? What deal?

DOC

The deal to let Ike Clanton lead you to Ringo. The beautiful deal that would give *you* the bandit and *Ike* the reward. The deal that would make you look like Wyatt Earp, the brave marshal, defender of law and order. At the expense of Johnny Ringo, who hasn't even been near Tombstone in months. The deal that would let you stay young another couple of years, Wyatt. That deal.

WYATT

(he's sweating now, and something hard and dangerous is coming into his eyes)

It wasn't like that at all.

DOC

What was it like, Wyatt? Did you go out to the prairie and beg for forgiveness and help from God? Or did you realize after Ike whipped your ass in a fair fight without guns that if you couldn't lick him you might as well join him? Wasn't it like that, Wyatt?

WYATT

You're pushing, John.

DOC

Don't try threatening me, Wyatt. You need me.

WYATT

(apologetic)

I didn't mean to threaten you, John.

DOC

You couldn't, Wyatt, because you're a shell. The worms are at you already and you won't admit it. You don't shoot as straight as you used to and you aren't innocent anymore. You want to be sheriff so you can plunder the town for yourself, take all that money and move on. You leave nothing behind you wherever you go Wyatt, except men in graves. You build nothing, you leave no children.

WYATT

(defensive)

Same as you, John.

DOC

Yeah, same as me. Except I know something. I finally got to know something. I know that I'm not going to live forever.

Then Kate bursts in the door. She comes in a slow deliberate way.

KATE

Come on, Doc.

WYATT
(surprised)
What the hell are you doing here, woman?

KATE
I've come for you Doc. Before these kids here get your ass shot off.

Doc stands there, the figure of contention. He hesitates, confused, but then the chance to leave is gone, passing him by in a fraction of a second as Clum bursts in the door.

CLUM
(excited)
The Clantons just rode into town. They're down by the OK Corral.

WYATT
How many?

CLUM
Seven.

Kate seems to understand what Doc must do. She drifts away from the table, and moves to the bar. She nods at Bartlett, who also understands. He slides a glass and a bottle to her, and she pours a stiff drink. She stares at the drink, refusing to look back at Doc.

BARTLETT
It'll be okay, Miss Elder. Don't you worry.

Kate looks up at him, swallowing, her eyes slowly getting larger in terror.

EXT: THE OK CORRAL

The Clantons have just swept into the OK Corral, kicking up wild plumes of dust. The Kid stands there.

IKE CLANTON
How many?

THE KID
Three Earps. And maybe Doc Holliday.

IKE CLANTON
We got seven. Counting you, kid.

Ike turns his head as Johnny Behan, the small soft sheriff, comes puffing up to them on foot.

BEHAN
No firearms in the town limits, Ike. You know the law.

IKE CLANTON
You'll have to take them off us, Johnny.

JOHNNY BEHAN
(whimpering)
You know I don't want no trouble, Ike.

IKE CLANTON
Better tell that to the marshal.

INT: THE ALHAMBRA

There is a lot of cracking of shotguns, jamming of ammunition into chambers. Clum's excited. Doc is sitting loosely, not joining in the loading ritual.

CLUM
But marshal, there's got to be another way to do this. A lawful way. You just can't solve it with the gun.

WYATT
(ignoring Clum)
You'd be surprised the things you can solve with a gun.

CLUM
But this has nothing rational about it.

WYATT
Go write your paper, Mr. Clum.

Clum goes out. At the door, he's met by Johnny Behan.

CLUM

(whispering to Behan)

They're going to kill the Clantons.

BEHAN

I know.

Clum leaves and Behan rushes up to the Earps. Doc still has not made a move.

BEHAN

(excited)

Marshal, you can't go through with this. There's seven of them down there.

WYATT

If you want to stop it, try. I can prove I got jurisdiction and these are my deputies.

BEHAN

It'll kill the town, Wyatt.

WYATT

(disinterested)

They're bad people.

Behan slumps in defeat and leaves. The place is very quiet; we hear the old ceiling fan combing the air, the nervous breathing of the men, and the squeaking of Bartlett's towel against dry glasses. Kate is still there, receding into the background darkness. Wyatt is standing now, with one foot up on a chair, and a shotgun across his knee.

WYATT

(very deliberately)

You ain't gonna walk away from me now, are you, John?

Doc coughs softly, stands up, and spits. There is a long, long, long pause now, as he and Wyatt look into each other's eyes, and across years. Kate has turned slightly to listen.

DOC

(fatalistically, with a touch of exhaustion)

I guess I'm not.

Wyatt grins the boyish grin and throws him a shotgun. Doc cracks it open.

EXT: TOMBSTONE MAIN STREET—DAY

The door of the Alhambra cracks open, and the Earps and Doc slide out. Wyatt is first, Doc last, and they blink in the sunlight. The town is relatively quiet. Some people walk by without understanding at all what is about to happen. There is nobody rushing for cover. The Earps and Doc are cautious only because they fear ambush.

Then they start to walk. Doc and Wyatt are side by side in the middle, with Virgil on Doc's right and Morgan on Wyatt's left.

WYATT

We shoot first.

VIRGIL

We gotta give 'em a draw, don't we?

WYATT

(licking lips, savoring the approaching events)

We don't have to give them anything.

As they walk, Morgan looks frightened, Wyatt feverish, Virgil increasingly nervous. But Doc looks somehow serene, and as he walks he whistles four bars of the waltz.

EXT: THE OK CORRAL

The Clantons seem disorganized. They are all dismounted, but running back and forth.

BILLY CLANTON

Well, how the hell do we do this? Go after them or what?

IKE CLANTON

Let me figure it out.

The Kid looks terrified. Billy Clanton is as nervous as Virgil. The Two Cowboys are shifty-eyed, because this really isn't their battle. Frank McLowery is checking his pistol. Billy Claybourne is silent and holding his nervous horse by the reins.

Suddenly they hear a shout.

At the entrance to the corral, the Earps and Doc are spread out, with Wyatt a few steps ahead, shotgun in hand, Doc behind him to his right, and Virgil and Morgan behind them on the flanks.

WYATT

We come to get you, Ike.

Wyatt opens up with a roar of the shotgun. Ike dives and rolls and comes up firing.

Doc is set in gunfighter's position, firing the shotgun in a controlled fury. Virgil and Morgan open fire.

Billy Clanton falls dead, his face obliterated.

The Kid shoots Morgan dead.

The Two Cowboys start to run. They get away.

Billy Claybourne gets up on his horse, and Wyatt shoots him off it.

Virgil shoots Frank McLowery dead.

Ike Clanton is firing away, but Wyatt nails him.

The Kid wounds Virgil.

All of this is in a violent noisy roar, the guns blazing. Doc throws the shotgun away in disgust, and switches to his Navy Colt.

Then near the end of the firefight, the Kid has his gun on Doc. Slowly The Kid's hand drops, he doesn't want to shoot Doc. But Doc's hand comes up, and he shoots the Kid in the heart. The Kid falls forward, a shocked, unbelieving look in his eyes, and he falls on his face, as urine leaks out of his light brown pants and stains the earth.

Then suddenly it is over. The dead are heaped in grotesque shapes. Wyatt is walking among the bodies, turning them over with his boot. Doc is standing alone, his shooting arm hanging down, with the gun in it like a terrible weight.

VIRGIL

Wyatt! Wyatt! They killed Morgan! The dirty bastards killed Morgan!

Doc exhales and turns. There is a crowd of townspeople at the end of the corral now, approaching carefully, not quite sure if the shooting has stopped. Wyatt walks toward them, while Doc watches from the side, the gun still in his hand.

WYATT

(to the crowd)

They shot my brother Morgan. We had no choice folks. But this will be a better town for it. It's a sacrifice but . . .

Doc is suddenly weak from exhaustion and fear and disgust. He jams the gun into the holster, and moves through the crowd, while Wyatt's soliloquy on his own justness continues. The crowd is cool.

Doc walks quickly down the street. Past the hotel and the Alhambra and the whore house, breaking finally into a trot, running for the adobe house.

When he gets there, the door is wide open, and Kate has just finished packing.

DOC

Kate! Wait!

KATE

I got to. You know that.

DOC

No you don't. You don't have to leave. We can go someplace together.

KATE

Ah, shit, Doc, it's too late for that.

DOC

Why?

KATE

I saw what happened down there. And I know now you can't help yourself, Doc. You got death in you. You only know how to spread it around.

DOC

Couldn't we try to do something else?

KATE

We'd kill each other.

She starts out.

DOC

I guess you're right.

Then she plucks a wild desert rose from a vase on the table near the door. She drops her suitcase and plants it in his lapel.

KATE

(warm)

See you around, dude.

Doc is sitting at the table, with a view opening into the street. He gives a little wave, and Kate is gone.

INT: THE ADOBE HOUSE—NIGHT

Doc is sitting in the same position. The door is still open, and he is drinking.

Then he sees one of the funeral caissons moving down the street, with the pine boxes on the back. He had seen them often in Tombstone, but he had helped fill these. And he gets up to follow them out. He goes as far as Dunbar's livery stable. He comes out with a horse. Another caisson is going by as he goes into the hotel. He emerges from the hotel with his bedroll. He straps it onto the saddle, as another caisson comes past. There is a grizzled drover pushing at the burros.

DOC
(on horse)
Which one is that?

DROVER
The McLowery kid.

Doc rides out behind the caisson. The town is less noisy tonight, as if appalled by the afternoon's carnage. As they near the cemetery, Wyatt emerges from the shadows, on horseback.

WYATT
You were beautiful out there today, John.

DOC
(almost snarling)
Just like Dodge, huh Wyatt?

WYATT
I don't know, something like that. But it's funny . . .

DOC
The people didn't go for it.

WYATT
It's hard to tell. The newspaper, they might write it up bad. But you know we was right, don't you, John?

DOC
(cold, shrugging, disgusted)
It was what we do.

WYATT
The people don't understand . . .

DOC
Where you gonna go, Wyatt? You're running out of country.

WYATT
You mean if I don't get elected? I don't know. Maybe California, maybe Alaska. Who knows?
(noticing Doc's bedroll)
You're not leaving, are you?

DOC
Yeah.

WYATT
(alarmed)
Where?

DOC
Oh, just away.

Doc wheels the horse, as the services finish in the cemetery in the distance.

DOC
So long, Wyatt.

WYATT
John! One thing . . .

DOC
What's that?

WYATT
Tell, me, John. Why'd you kill that kid?

There is a long silence.

DOC
(almost to himself)
I guess he reminded me of too many things . . .

Doc turns, spurs his horse and starts to ride off, past the

cemetery, his figure growing smaller, as he disappears into the open country, heading West.

EXT: THE HIGH MESA—DUSK

Doc is brooding, and then turns to his audience.

> Well, that's the way it was in those days. All of it was just a moment in time. Oh, there were consequences. Wyatt didn't get elected and drifted around and died in Los Angeles in 1929. Now they got him where they always keep the just. Me, I ended up on a bed in Denver, hedging my bet with a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister. It didn't do much good. But you know, sitting up here, a man thinks. And sometimes at night, with the stars scattered all across the sky, and the wind blowing mean and lonesome, sometimes I see lights away off, the lights of a town, a town where there are no clocks, no beginnings and endings, no hellos and farewells, towns where the nights never end, nights without turmoil or regret . . .

And now he seems to have finished his tale and his reverie. He turns from us wordlessly, and walks to the center of the mesa. The camera pulls back as a very faint whisper of music comes to us. Doc extends his hand to the air.

DOC

> Kate!

The name echoes through the canyons and mesas and arroyoes, and with the light beginning to fade, Doc shouts again:

DOC

> Kate, sweet bitch! A waltz!

And as the music begins to swell and build, Doc Holliday offers his hand to nothingness, takes one dandified step forward, and with great precision, and great elegance, begins to waltz alone.

PETE HAMILL

Pete Hamill was born in Brooklyn, went to school in New York and Mexico. Before joining the staff of the New York Post, he worked as an advertising designer, an NBC page boy, and a sheetmetal worker. In 1962 he won the Mike Berger Award of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism for a series of articles on New York's worst slum, and received a citation from the Newspaper Reporters' Association for a second series, on the New York Police Department.

He has had many pieces published in the Saturday Evening Post, Playboy, New York Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Readers' Digest, Holiday and Life.

His first novel, A KILLING FOR CHRIST, was published in 1967. Motion picture rights are under option.

Recently Pete Hamill finished a screenplay of DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE for Rastar Productions.